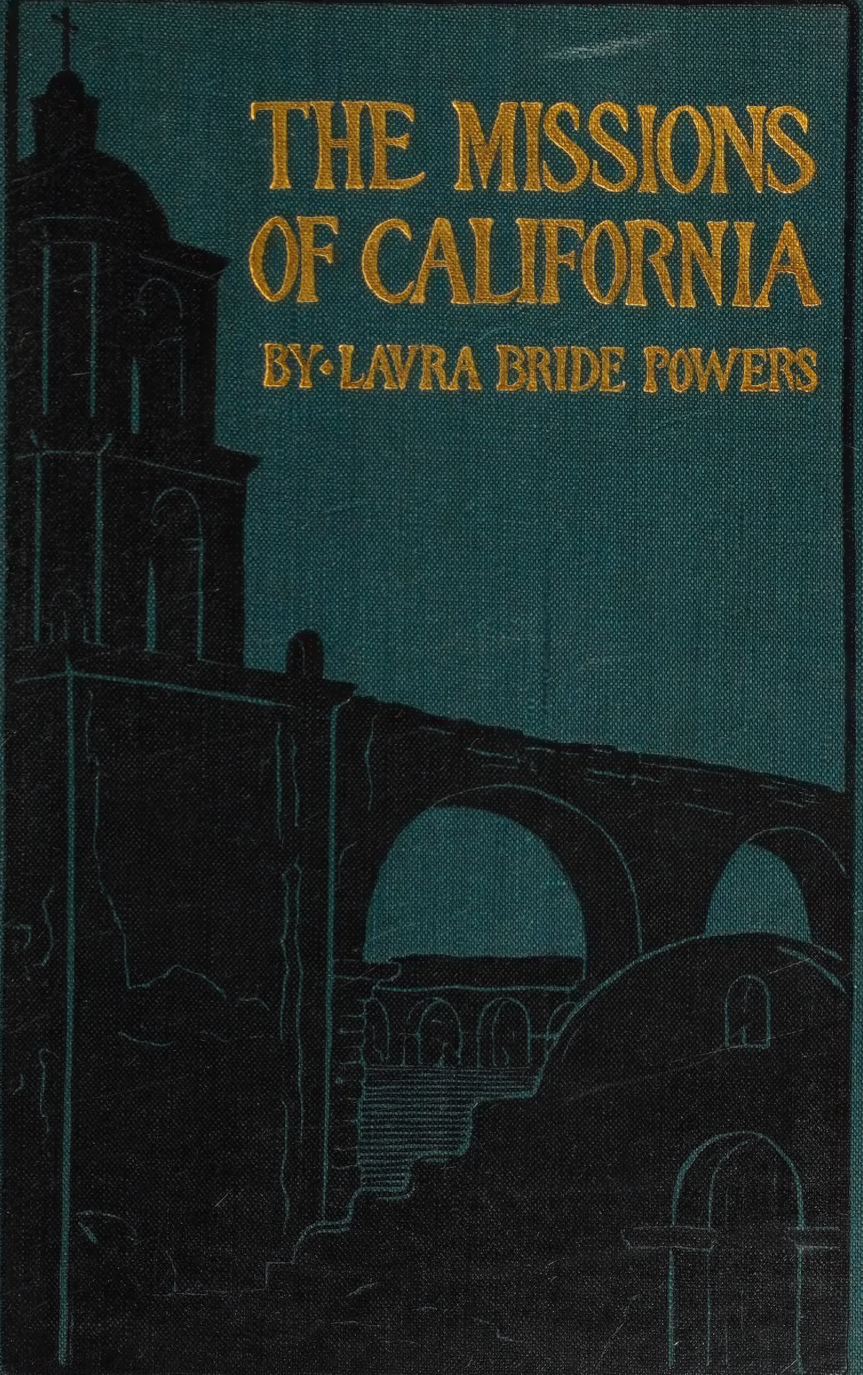
THE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA

BY LAURA BRIDE POWERS



Addie L. Carroll.

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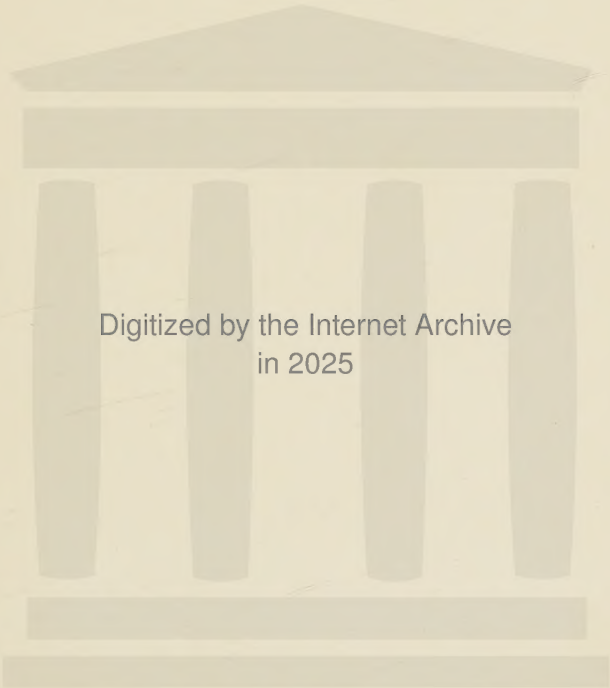

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THE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA

THE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA

THEIR ESTABLISHMENT, PROGRESS AND DECAY

BY
LAURA BRIDE POWERS

NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

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Dedication.

To her whose gentle hand has guided me through the vale of my childhood; whose loving heart has shared the joys and sorrows of my riper years — to her,

My Mother,

is this volume most tenderly dedicated.

THE ANGELUS.

Heard at the Mission Dolores, San Francisco, 1868

Bells of the past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the present
With color of romance.

I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock, and wave, and sand,
As down the coast the mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of their incantation
No blight nor mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the further Past—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped mission towers,
The white presidio;
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portolá's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting,
The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old—
O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold—

Your voices break and falter in the darkness—
Break, falter, and are still;
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill!

—F. Bret Harte

PREFACE.

THIS little volume might well have gone forth to its destiny, known as "A Plea for the Missions." That interest might be aroused in behalf of these decaying heirlooms ere it becomes too late, I have endeavored to tell their tale of ascendency and ruin, hoping thereby to enlist sympathy in the cause of their restoration and preservation.

With this object in view, I have gathered such information as years of research have woven together — information obtained from that most reliable of sources — manuscripts — including diaries, mission registers, and personal letters.

We are constantly reminded by our European cousins of the woeful absence of ruins or antiquities in America. Now, let us Californians establish our claims to those evidences of stability by preserving our mission ruins from further disinte

gration. Let us act ere the hour of action is past, and thrust aside the destroying hand of Time from the landmarks in the history of our State. They should live — they must live, not only in memories and histories, but in proud reality.

L. B. P.

San Francisco.

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THE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA

THE OLD MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER I.

MISSION RUINS.

LET him who has within his soul a spark of exalted emotion and an appreciation of the sad sublimity of departed glories, come with me to the missions, and stand within their silent walls, mute and uncovered. Visit them, if possible, after the moon has risen; bathed in her soft, subduing light, the ruins become mystifying and inspiring. The scene shifts into a vision. From the hollow corridors, you will hear the voices of the hooded padres at prayer. Listen, and you will hear the gathered Indians, chanting as of old the "Ave, Maria,"—look, and you will behold gardens of tropical beauty, sweeping orchards, and majestic buildings.

Thus, in the calm quiet, you will drift backward a hundred years, and dwell for the nonce beneath the shadow of the silent sanctuary; a sound from yonder belfry arouses you from your reverie; it is the screech of a night owl, disturbed from his solitude by your presence. You are startled, and awaken to discover that you have been soliloquiz-

ing. The fountains that fell in soft cadence long since are silent; the beautiful gardens and the blossoming orchards long ago passed into the hands of strangers. The glories of the missions are but memories of the past, and the gentle moon can hide but for the hour the tale of desolation and ruin. O, a shame that some human hand hath not the pity of the moon—to beautify these ruins, to preserve them, and perhaps, to restore some of them to their pristine beauty! True, the vandal hand of the relic hunter has desecrated the aged cloisters — paintings, statues, and ornaments disappearing from time to time; but within those structures that have survived, much remains that was gathered there in the pre-pastoral days of their founding.

CHAPTER II.

PREPARATIONS FOR MISSION ESTABLISHMENT.

IN 1543, while exploring the coast of the mysterious Upper California, Cabrillo entered a land-locked harbor of much beauty, which he named San Miguel. Sixty years later Vizcaino, commanding a Spanish exploring fleet, sailed into this same bay, whose name he changed to San Diego de Alcalá, in honor of his flagship. The

explorer left copious accounts of the new land and its inhabitants; but it was not until a century and a half had elapsed that the Spanish government made practical use of the knowledge.

Meanwhile, the different orders of missionaries were constantly importuning the king to give them authority to establish missions in Alta California; but intrigues and troubles at court usurped the royal attention, and their petitions passed unheeded. Still undismayed, they presented prayer after prayer, until at last Spain awoke from her lethargy, and the longings of the zealots were about to be realized. Undoubtedly, though, had it not been for the fear of Russian invasion from the north, and for other political reasons, Spain would not then have heeded the prayers that for over a century had fallen unavailingly upon diplomatic ears.

It was then resolved to occupy Alta California, and to establish military posts at San Diego and Monterey, as described by Vizcaino. The military expedition was placed under José de Galvez, the most efficient officer in New Spain, and a prime favorite with Carlos III. Immediately after receiving the royal decree to occupy these ports, he summoned for consultation—that the military and the religious expeditions might act in unison—Padre Junípero Serra, President of the Franciscan missions of Lower California. Full of hope and zeal born of years of patient waiting, Serra set out

to meet the energetic Galvez. Between them it was agreed that the old Jesuit regime be re-established; that is, that the older missions give birth to new ones, by furnishing church property—such as vestments, bells, and ornaments—besides such live-stock, grain, and implements as could be spared. The church ornaments were regarded as gifts; but the more substantial donations were treated as loans, to be repaid in kind when prosperity should reward them.

It was decided that four expeditions—two by land and two by sea—were to be dispatched to the land of the gentile. The first—a company of twenty-five Catalan volunteers—under the command of Lieutenant Fages, arrived from Guaymas, to proceed to sea as the first detachment of the illustrious band of crusaders into Alta California.

On the 9th of January, 1769, the *San Carlos* was ready to put to sea. St. Joseph, the patron saint of the expedition, was solemnly invoked to smooth the seas and clear the skies, that the vessel might reach San Diego in safety. Early that morning all had partaken of communion at mass, and prostrate before the altar, with tear-dimmed eyes and outstretched hands, they besought divine aid to strengthen them in their courage and perseverance. Junípero Serra, in stole and alb, pronounced a most solemn blessing upon the departing pilgrims, their flag, their crew, and upon the good

Padre Parron, to whom the spiritual care of the expedition was intrusted; and after charging them in the name of God, of the viceroy, and of their king to accept the authority of the priests, and to preserve peace and unity among themselves, he bade them a loving farewell. Without a fear, the gallant crew stepped aboard the vessel, waved adieu to their Mexican home, and the *San Carlos* was off to sea. Fifteen days after, the *San Antonio* followed, with much the same ceremony.

Meanwhile the land expeditions were preparing for their invasion. Captain Rivera had gone northward through Mexico, visiting each mission and taking such livestock and supplies as could be spared. With concentrated forces and property, he started north for San Diego in March. Father Juan Crespí, a coadjutor of Serra, who had come with him from the Isle of Mallorca to the Sierra Gorda missions sixteen years before, was ordered to accompany this expedition. Accordingly he left the mission of Purísima, and, with Father Lasuen, joined Rivera's noble little army of crusaders.

After the customary blessing and the invocation of divine help, details being perfected, the march began, each heart full of the love of God, with zeal and hope for the future; but not without some misgivings, for Vizcaino had told them in his manuscripts of the totally low and depraved condi-

tion, mentally, morally, and physically, of the Indians along the coast.

The second division, under Governor Portolá, had already proceeded; but Padre Serra, who had planned to accompany this party, was disappointed in his hopes. He had not yet completed his collection of church utensils; besides, he was suffering from an ulcerous sore on his foot, caused many months before, during a journey afoot from Vera Cruz to Mexico. In such a wretched physical condition was he, that his colleagues deemed his following them sadly impossible. Possessed, however, of indomitable energy and zeal, while yet very lame, he set out on his journey at the end of March, stopping over a short time at San Javier with Francisco Palou, whom he appointed president of the missions in Mexico during his absence. Slowly, and with great suffering at every step, he journeyed on from mission to mission, impelled forward by the fire of zeal that seemed at times to consume the anguish of his pain, till on the 5th of May, amid much rejoicing, he overtook Governor Portolá's party. From the governor's diary, we learn of much physical suffering among the pilgrims,—scurvy and malignant fevers having broken out among them, greatly reducing their numbers.

CHAPTER III.

FOUNDING OF SAN DIEGO PRESIDIO AND MISSION.

IN 1769, on the 16th of July, day of the Triumph of the Most Holy Cross, the mission of San Diego de Alcalá was founded. The men and officers, naval and military, assembled at the site selected for the presidio; and with deep gratitude for their deliverance from the perils of travel, they set to work to erect a temporary altar at which to give thanks in the holy sacrifice of the mass. Bells were swung over a neighboring tree, and rung by willing hands; the "Veni Creator" rang out clearly on the virgin air; the water was blessed, the cross raised, and the royal standard thrown to the breeze. Thus was the country taken in the name of God and the king. Groups of savages had gathered about, and dumb with astonishment, watched the proceedings to the end.

They were not an inviting people to behold, clad in breech-cloths made of the skins of wild animals, and armed with spears, clubs, and bows and arrows. Their features were thick and heavy, showing no ray of mental or moral elevation. They were contemptible physically, as well as intellectually, — Humboldt classing them as low in the scale of humanity as the inhabitants of Van Diemen's land, who were the nearest approach in

the human fabric to the brute creation. The women wore braided strands of rabbit skins, fastened together, forming one garment, which hung from the waist to the knees, and was garnished with fringes of gaudy beads and bright grasses. Add to this their faces smeared with colored mud, and you have a dame of fashion attired for society.

The missionaries found the natives as a nation lazy, cruel, cowardly, and covetous, with no orators among them, but few warriors, and possessed of no native lore.

Their language was a strange jargon; and here arose the first of the many obstacles that beset the paths of the padres. After having tenderly nursed the sick crusaders back to health, the indomitable Serra and companions set to work to acquire the Indian tongue. Then began the dawning of Christian light. Meanwhile, the soldiers were busily engaged erecting suitable buildings on the site chosen for the presidio,—called by the Indians "Cosoy,"—and when completed, they consisted of the church, the fort, dwellings and warehouses, and shelter for cattle and livestock.

Shortly after their completion, however, Padre Serra moved the mission from the presidio to "Nipaguay," about two leagues distant, whose fertile fields offered fine pasturage to his fast increasing flocks. Here there were brought to the baptismal font 474 savages, whose secular educa-

SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA.

tion was going on hand in hand with the spiritual. They had been taught to till the soil, to raise wheat, vegetables, and cotton, and to manufacture a coarse kind of cloth; some of them became carpenters, others blacksmiths, and some stone-cutters. A few of the most intelligent ones had learned to lead in prayer, and frequently assisted the padres in instructing those of their brethren who desired to be baptized. Thus did the good Padres Fuster and Jaume, with their predecessors, labor on from dawn till dark, content and happy in doing their Master's bidding, rejoicing at each baptism and confirmation, and bearing with Christian fortitude their sorrows and disappointments.

On the 5th of November, 1775, after having bade his "children," as he fondly termed the neophytes, a cheery "good night," and retired, Father Jaume was suddenly awakened from his slumbers by the demoniac howls of a thousand or more frenzied savages, descending upon the mission like a pack of wolves bent on destruction. Rushing out to appease their fury, he drew his crucifix from his belt and raising it aloft, cried out: "Amad á Dios, hijos" (Love God, my children). Immediately they fell upon him with spears, clubs, and stones, and with savage glee, they pierced his bruised and bleeding body through and through. As he fell mortally wounded, he kissed his crucifix, commended his spirit to God, and gasped out: "O

Jesus, save my soul." The soldiers of the guard, two of whom were wounded by arrows, rushed to the rescue of Father Fuster, upon whom the fire was fast approaching. "Seek my companion," he cried; and unmindful of his own danger, he rushed out amid the shower of stones and arrows, calling wildly to his beloved companion, unconscious that he lay in the courtyard a hacked and bleeding corpse.

Already the buildings were burning fiercely, the savages were becoming wilder with excitement, and yelping like hyenas, danced and darted about in the flickering light, hurling stones and arrows unremittingly at the corral, whither Father Fuster and companions had sought refuge. A horrible night it was. No human help at hand, the good padre had besought Heaven to help them in this their great peril, and his prayer was answered. Though arrows flew thick and fast all through the night about their heads, yet not a hair was touched. Behind Father Fuster lay a sack containing fifty pounds of gunpowder. Though burning brands were falling everywhere, it was miraculously untouched.

Corporal Rocha and his wounded soldiers kept up their fire from the front of the corral, and with good results. When day began to dawn, bringing great relief to the prisoners, it was seen the fury of the mob was spent, and the savages were dispersing.

Then appeared the neophytes, sorrowing greatly that they had been unable to repress their furious brethren. Two of them—Ignacio and Roque—soon after daylight recovered the body of the martyred Padre Jaume, bruised and beaten to a pulpy mass, twenty times speared through the breast, the great gaping wounds filled with clotted blood. His comrade, Father Fuster, was beside himself with grief; but well he knew the coveted crown of the martyr rested upon the brow he loved so well. Tenderly the body was borne to the presidio, where, with deep sorrow, it was committed to mother earth. Here, also, were the bodies of the unhappy blacksmith and his comrade, who had fallen early in the fray, laid to rest.

Immediately there stepped into the martyred friar's place Padre de la Peña, who, with Fuster, took up anew the work so rudely interrupted, re-establishing the mission at the presidio for greater safety. In 1804, a new church was erected, and the bodies of Padre Jaume and colleagues were reinterred in the sanctuary. Again, in 1813, a more substantial church was built, and it is the remains of this structure that to-day attract the tourist. On November 12, 1813, with the greatest solemnity, the new edifice was dedicated; again the bodies were destined to be disturbed,—this time to be laid away forever to sleep in the shadow of the cross they loved. According to "Book I of Bap-

tisms, Marriages and Deaths," Father Jaume was buried beneath the arch that joined the sanctuaries. Here rests the martyr in whose blood California was baptized. In 1800, there were about three thousand neophytes in the mission and surrounding *rancherias*, and it might be of interest to inquire into their modes of living. In the early part of the above year, there came to San Diego from Mexico eight foundling children, one of whom survived to dictate, in 1876, the story of routine life at the missions.

CHAPTER IV.

MISSION LIFE.

AT daylight all animal life was astir. Every one save the sick and infirm proceeded to mass, after which breakfast was served. This consisted unvaryingly of *atole*, or ground barley. Thence all repaired at sunrise to their daily task.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock, the midday meal was partaken of, consisting of the ever-present *atole* in its different forms, with mutton as a side relish. Occasionally the Spanish *frijoles* were observed on the table at this meal. To the sick or aged milk was freely given.

During the heated hours of the summer after-

noons a *burro* laden with buckets would pass around the fields, regaling the toilers with draughts of vinegar and sweetened water. This was considered a rare luxury.

At six o'clock the evening meal was served. *Pinole*, the favorite preparation from *atole*, formed the *pièce de résistance*. To this the neophytes were at liberty to add nuts and wild berries, which they gathered in large quantities and stored away.

The commissary department was conducted in a modified communistic style. Each morning at daybreak the *mavera*, or keeper of the granary, distributed to each individual or family sufficient food for the day.

The unmarried males carried their share to the *pozolera*, where it was prepared and partaken of at a common table. The benedicks carried their rations to their respective *rancherias*, where they shared their *atole* with their families. Here was laid the foundation-stone of Californian civilization The family circle had become a fixed institution.

At five o'clock the labors of the day were ended, and man and beast plodded their way homeward and to rest. At sundown the "Angelus" called the faithful to prayers; the neophytes, workmen, and priests repaired to the chapel, where the "Litany" was sung and the evening blessing imparted. The day was done.

Thus we have seen how the male converts spent

their days. How and where were the females occupied? Picture, if you can, a low stone structure, built so as to leave a square court in the middle. This was the *monjerio*, or nunnery, presided over by a trusted old Indian woman. No eunuch in the Sultan's seraglios watched over his beauties with greater scrutiny than did this old woman over her charges. Under her watchful eye by day, at night she locked them up securely and carried the key of the outer door to the padre. This, I learn, was deemed expedient, owing to the quivering state of society at that period.

There in the courtyard of the *monjerio* the girls weaved and spun, laughed and chatted, and often threw sheep's eyes at the males whom Cupid cunningly cast in their path. It sometimes happened that the spark engendered by those coy glances kindled into love, and resulted in marriage. This was winked at by the padres if the maiden had attained a proper age.

All the cloth that was used at the mission and much used at the presidio was produced by the deft fingers of the mission maidens, besides all the blankets, sheets, tablecloths, towels, and napkins. Thus, it can be seen, they were trained to become thrifty housewives.

As to the modes of punishment adopted by the Padre Presidente for refractory converts, I learn that imprisonment was much in vogue. If the

crime was a capital one, however, the culprit was turned over to the military authority at the presidio. Indeed, it is recorded where rebellious young men had been laid over the good old padre's knee to receive physical emphasis of his admonitions, and with salutary effect.

Thus the years rolled on. The stock had increased with wonderful rapidity; the orchards flourished, the fields yielded an abundance of wheat, and prosperity reigned. But, better than all, civilization and Christianity had taken root in the new soil and had thriven vigorously.

In 1835, there came a thunderbolt that smote the mission system till it shook and fell a shattered fabric. It came in the form of a decree,—that the missions were to be snatched from the jurisdiction of the priests without ceremony, and transferred, just as they stood, to the government. *Comisionados* were dispatched to the mission to assume charge before the startled padres had time to recover themselves. The story was true; alas, too true. The neophytes, whom they had cared for and looked upon as their children, were now snatched from them and turned adrift. The flocks they had tended, the orchards they had reared, and the buildings they had erected, were now no longer theirs. That the blow was premature, I have no doubt. Neither the padres nor the converts were prepared for it, and the result was disastrous.

From the "Book of Baptisms," we learn that 7,126 baptisms took place from 1769 to 1846, 1,726 confirmations and 2,051 marriages; and not only had the natives been taught the rudiments of religion, but of civilization, and even culture, as well. Considering the low mental and moral *status* of the natives, the result of the mission work was remarkable, as far as it went. This is the tale of the first white settlement in California, her first mission, and the landmark of her history. Of the once proud church but a few crumbling walls remain, and the day is almost at hand when even these will have passed away. The spot will then be marked only by the gravestones of its founders.

CHAPTER V.

EXPEDITION TO MONTEREY.

IN pursuance of the policy of the king, the next mission was established at Monterey and called San Carlos Borromeo. The first expedition sent out to plant the cross on the sandy beach of which Vizcaino wrote, failed in its undertaking, and it was not until June 3, 1770, that the mission was finally established.

On July 14, 1769, Governor Portolá, with sixty-four persons, started from San Diego to Monterey.

Padres Crespí and Gomez accompanying him as the spiritual directors of the undertaking. The diary of the former is still extant, and gives a detailed account of this first great inland march. After four days of travel the explorers found themselves in the charming valley, in which afterward the Mission of San Luis Rey was located. A veritable garden of beauty it was, with flowers of every hue and description growing in profusion.

The natives encountered on the way were uniformly hospitable, and supplied the explorers with an abundance of antelope and smaller game. The farther north they proceeded the more intelligent the natives appeared. They differed widely from the Dieguinos of the south, even their languages being distinct. In dress, or rather undress, they were somewhat similar—the men of the north dispensing entirely with the breech-cloths, not even affecting the traditional fig-leaf. The women, however, clung to the skirt of rabbit skins with its vegetable adornments.

By the middle of August, Portolá had reached the mouth of the Santa Clara river, where he discovered the most populous Indian village so far found in California. The houses were curious little spherical affairs with thatched roofs, and were huddled together in friendly contact. On the travelers pushed, passing the Sierra de Santa Lucia and its companion peaks, and climbing many of the smaller

ones. At last they struck a stream, which they at once concluded was Rio de Carmel,* but which afterwards proved to be the Salinas river. How near the coveted port they were they did not know. Reconnoitering parties were sent out, but for some inexplicable reason they failed to recognize the bay at their feet as that of Monterey.

A council was then formed to determine whether the march be abandoned. It was decided, however, to continue up the coast, and, if possible, to discover the great inland sea—that is, San Francisco bay. After a few days' exploration around the peninsula the explorers set about to return to San Diego. During the homeward march they halted on the same sandy beach that they had camped upon going north. Here they built and erected a huge white cross, upon which they inscribed, "*Dig at the foot and thou wilt find writing.*" There they buried an account of their wanderings, and inclosed a request that the commander of any vessel happening along within reasonable time should follow down the coast line and keep a lookout for them, as they were in sore distress for food. Though no succor arrived, the explorers reached San Diego in safety. The first expedition to establish a mission at Monterey had thus resulted in failure. Portolá was discour-

* This river was named by Vizcaino in honor of three Carmelite friars who accompanied his exploring expedition in 1603.

aged and faint-hearted, and favored returning to Mexico.

While thus deliberating upon the abandonment of the northern scheme, instructions arrived from the viceroy for a second expedition. Fresh supplies had arrived from Loreto, and on April 17, 1770, the return march began. This time Serra accompanied the party. They followed the same line of march as before, and on May 24th they came upon the cross that had been erected the previous winter. A peculiar sight it was. Great festoons of clam-shells hung round its arms, and strings of fish and meat were wound about it everywhere. Ferocious-looking feathers projected from the top, and bundles of arrows and sticks were piled at the base. These were fetiches offered to appease the wrath of the gods of the "Guacamal" (the strangers). When the natives had learned to communicate, they told with terrible seriousness how at nightfall the cross would stretch out its white arms into space, and grow skyward, higher and yet higher, till it would touch the stars; then it would burst into a blaze, and glow throughout the night.

While walking along the surf-beaten beach and gazing out on the unsullied waters in meditation, Portolá and Padre Crespí suddenly paused and cried out, as if by inspiration: "This is the port of Monterey which we seek, just as described by Vizcaino," and such it was. Why it had not been

recognized before seemed almost incomprehensible. The joy of the discoverers knew no bounds, and hastening to camp with the glad tidings, a service of thanksgiving was offered up for the kind intervention of Providence. Monterey, the port so long coveted by Carlos III., now was his but for the taking.

Soon after, camp was removed from the site to Carmelo bay, about three miles distant—a charming spot of smiling meadow land. A constant lookout was kept for the *San Antonio;* and when at last she hove in sight off Point Pinos, fires were lighted along the shore to guide her into port. On the following morning, ere the sun had risen, Portolá, Fages, and Padre Crespí hastened in from Carmelo to greet the voyagers, who confirmed the belief of the land party that indeed had the coveted port been discovered. Once again camp was destined to be moved—this time back to the original site. In the manuscript of Vizcaino he told of a shady ravine that rose from the water's edge and sloped up to a hardy promontory. There it was plainly to be seen—there grew the self-same oak under whose hospitable branches Padre Ascension celebrated mass in 1603. Charmed with the spot, the explorers watched the waves with delight as they chased one another up and down the ravine, leaving flecks of fleecy foam behind, like bits of snow.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FOUNDING OF SAN CARLOS BORROMEO.

ON June 3, 1770, the Mission of San Carlos Borromeo was formally established. An *enramada* (a shelter of interwoven branches) was constructed, a cross built, and the water blessed. A trio of bells was swung over the green boughs of a patriarch oak, and loud and long were they rung by the ardent Serra, who cried out in his fiery zeal: "Come, ye gentiles; come unto the faith of Christ!" What more fitting place to worship than beneath these trees, His handiwork!

> "Why
> Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
> God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
> Only among the crowd, and under roofs
> That our frail hands have raised?"

Loud and clear the "Veni Creator" rang out upon the unsullied air, as the perfumed incense rose in clouds and floated off over the blue waters beneath, whither I know not.

The low murmurings of the praying padres having ceased, Portolá stepped into the midst of the celebrants, and amid the boom of cannon and the roar of guns took formal possession of the port, in the name of God and the king. Thus were the orders of Carlos consummated, and the long-cher

ished hopes of the missionaries in a fair way to be realized.

After a survey of the locality, temporary structures were erected in groups along the beach. These included a chapel, a workshop, several small dwellings, and such buildings as were necessary for presidial purposes. This accomplished, messengers were sent to bear the glad tidings to Mexico. On receipt of the news at San Diego, *en route*, the little band of Spaniards gathered together in their adobe chapel, the solitary oasis in that wilderness of idolatry, and offered up the effusions of grateful hearts for the survival of their comrades and the triumph of the most holy cross. Meanwhile at San Carlos the good padres were laboring earnestly among the Eslenes, attracting them at first by gifts of beads, calicoes, and other trinkets dear to the savage heart. Once within the pale of the mission, the great zeal and love of Serra fascinated them; and ere many months had passed it was not unusual to observe a hundred or more dusky savages crouched upon the brow of the hill—the favorite pulpit of the padre—drinking in his words of inspiration with the deepest interest. And when he told of the boundless and unfathomable love the God of the universe bore them, they would gaze into his face with much earnestness.

Notwithstanding many perplexing difficulties, Serra and Crespí labored on, recompensed fully by

SAN CARLOS BORROMEO. (CARMEL)

each conversion. However, the proselytes were not coming into the fold in sufficient numbers to satisfy the zeal of the padres, and Serra concluded that proximity to the presidio was retarding the success of his labors. The presence of the soldiers was ever regarded as contaminating; but the evil was necessary, and had to be endured. In a few months thereafter Serra withdrew his neophytes and companions to Carmelo valley. By December, 1770, a chapel had been erected, besides several dwellings and corrals, all inclosed within a palisade.

During the next year dark clouds gathered in the skies for the poor padres. Supplies had given out, the ships were long overdue, and the missionaries were forced to throw themselves upon the charity of the natives. Fages, who had meanwhile become Comandante, with several of his men, spent many weeks in the Cañada de los Osos, hunting antelope, bear, and other game, with which to replenish the mission larder. Thus were body and soul kept together until help arrived in the spring. During the dark period the zeal of the padres burned as fiercely as ever, their deprivations bringing them into closer contact with the natives, and the intimacy thus established resulting in many conversions.

The livestock, for which the missions afterwards became famous, began to prosper on the grassy plains of Carmelo; the grain crops grew large, and the temporal outlook for San Carlos became more

promising. The records of many succeeding years have been lost; we have but to judge of the progress made in the interior by the condition of things at the time the later records begin.

Let us glance at the Mission San Carlos Borromeo as it appeared in its prime. On a slight eminence overlooking the gentle Rio de Carmelo stood the stone chapel, the remains of which have been preserved to us of to-day. Arranged about a court of half an acre were the other necessary buildings. The *pozolera*, or dining-hall, stood off to the south. Attached to it was a wing containing the cells of the friars—small, ill-ventilated, cheerless apartments, almost innocent of furniture. The sole contents of many of them was a couch of hides, stretched upon a stout wooden frame. The one luxury indulged in was in the frames being stout; otherwise, the portly persons of the padres were liable to hasty precipitation, should their dreams be at all troublous.

All the luxury at the command of the padres was expended upon the chapel. Beautiful altar-cloths were embroidered by the girls in the *monjerio;* vessels of gold were used in the devotions of the mass; paintings of rare value, many of them imported from Spain, adorned the walls, and as time wore on, beautifully carved altar-rails were placed before the sanctuary.

In the tower that rose on the right hung four Mexican bells; these guided the daily affairs at the

mission and *rancherias* with great regularity. At noon and at eventide, when they rang out the "Angelus," the sound could be plainly heard at Monterey, three miles distant, when instantly every head was bared and bowed. It is said that this custom became universal; and even at the gaming table, in later days, the monte-dealer would raise his hand for silence at the ringing of the bells. For the nonce, blasphemy would cease, and an air of sanctity pervade even the den of vice.

For many years, aside from occasional frights by Indian uprisings, the only excitement known to the padres and presidio soldiers was occasioned by the sociability of the bears and wolves in the vicinity. The dense woods back of Monterey afforded them hospitable shelter and practical immunity from the rusty carbines of the soldiers. Thus time wore on; savages were daily brought into the fold, the padres laboring on till death or disease would overtake them; then would others press forward to succeed them.

Meanwhile several families had come from Mexico and settled in Monterey and in the pueblo of Branciforte. Many of the soldiers had wedded the laughing, dark-eyed Indian girls of the *monjerio*, and thus was the foundation laid of the society of future California.

The padres, however, did not favor the intermixing of the native and Castilian blood, and re-

solved upon heroic measures to keep the races distinct. It was largely due to the missionaries' influence that so many families retained in their veins the pure Castilian blood of their forefathers.

A novel plan was decided upon to induce marriage among the natives. All the unmarried male neophytes were marched to the chapel, and placed side by side. Then the padre proceeded to the *monjerio*, where the Indian maidens sat chatting and spinning in the courtyard, and would ask: "Which of you, my daughters, wish to marry?" A coy glance and a laugh would pass around the circle, as each shy maiden awaited her sister's answer. Then together they would spring up from their spinning and follow the padre into the chapel, there to be arranged along the wall opposite their future husbands, in spelling-match style.

Unlike the present custom of society, the girls were given the choosing. Great was the perturbation of prospective grooms, as they awaited their fortunes, good or ill; such desperate attempts to attract the eye and the choice of the younger and prettier maidens, as they coquettishly ran their black eyes up and down the row of candidates! It sometimes happened that from the neophytes on hand the fastidious girls could not select companions to their fancy; these were permitted to have recourse to the gentiles, who frequented the mission locality. Not infrequently this fastidious-

ness was the result of an affair of the heart while in their native wildness. In this romantic and somewhat original manner many very happy marriages were consummated. Strange to relate, however, these native unions were never prolific. It remained for the Spanish families to populate the new country, and they fulfilled their obligations satisfactorily. It was no uncommon sight to see from fifteen to twenty-five children in one family. A large percentage of the children of the native race never passed the infantile period; but those that did survive were sturdy, as a rule, and lived to good round ages, many attaining the centenary period.

Many historians attribute the decimation of the native race to the new modes of life forced upon it by the advance of civilization and Christianity. Be that as it may, the race was fast becoming incapable of its own reproduction, even before the advent of the white man, and this must needs result disastrously to any people.

CHAPTER VII.

SAN ANTONIO DE PÁDUA.

NEARLY a year had passed since the cross was planted in the little shaded ravine at San Carlos; impatiently Serra had awaited the

arrival of new friars and fresh supplies, that he might hasten to press forward the crusade of light.

On May 21, 1771, as the mists of the morning lifted, there appeared in the offing the dim, white sail of the *San Antonio*. Her arrival was hailed with much joy, as she brought many necessary supplies and a relay of ten priests. Now was the path clear to push forward into the wilderness and establish the new missions of San Buenaventura, San Gabriel, San Luis Obispo, San Antonio, Santa Clara, and San Francisco.

Two of the priests, however, were incapacitated from duty, having contracted the scurvy during the voyage. Partly on this account, and partly because of the scarcity of soldiers, three of the proposed missions were temporarily abandoned.

Gathering together eight soldiers and a few neophytes from San Carlos, Serra set out in July to found San Antonio de Pádua. Proceeding along the Salinas river, and up the Arroyo Seco, they came upon a beautiful glen studded over with clumps of huge oaks. Here they halted, and swung the bells over the trees, as had now become the custom. Then Serra celebrated mass, blessed the cross, and planted it upon a little grassy mound near the river bank. Thus, on July 14, 1771, the Mission of San Antonio de Pádua was founded.

The unusual sound of the ringing of bells attracted a native who was straying near by, and

SAN ANTONIO DE PÁDUA.

who watched the proceedings with much curiosity. Hastening off, he brought his companions in large numbers, who tendered the missionaries great supplies of seeds, nuts, etc. With the friendliest feelings, they set to work carrying timbers and helping the soldiers in the erection of such temporary buildings as were needed. These were hastily constructed, as Serra deemed it wise to proceed as soon as possible to till the soil—for farm they must, or starve, as supplies were becoming desperately low.

Stone buildings eventually supplanted these rude structures, but they were never remarkable in style or in picturesque beauty, as were others. San Antonio was noted, however, for one thing—her superb horses. The steeds of Arabia were not more captivating than her high-stepping beauties, the pride of the padres and the envy of the Indians. Frequently this envy betook a demonstrative form, and assisted some of the beautiful horses away from the mission. Whenever detected, however, in appropriating an animal, the wily savage would turn it loose in the woods to follow its bent. Thus it happened that wild horses became ere long quite as numerous as bears and wolves.

Spiritually, San Antonio was, during the first decade of its history, the most successful of all, numbering at one time 1,076 neophytes.

Like San Carlos, the mission beneath the oaks was not free from raids by the gentiles. In Au-

gust, 1775, just as a catechumen was about to be baptized, a band of natives swooped down upon the mission, shot the neophyte, and were about to strike down the white-robed padre, when they were overpowered by the mission guard.

The causes of these various outbreaks were usually cupidity or revenge,—sometimes both; but in the present instance, the uprising was brought about by the brutal treatment accorded the native women by the soldiers of the guard. It is recorded that one of them had inveigled the wife of a powerful chieftain from her *rancheria;* who, seeking to revenge himself upon the pale-faced destroyer of his home, proclaimed his grievance a tribal one,—hence the assault.

All these irregular practices of the soldiers worked great hardships upon the missionaries,—who were compelled by law and force of circumstance to endure the objectionable presence of the military.

In 1801, the tragic death of Padre Francisco Pujol cast a deep gloom over San Antonio. Toward the close of 1800, two of the officiating friars at San Miguel and San Antonio suddenly fell ill with a mysterious malady of the stomach and intestines. After suffering excruciating agony for a few days, death released them. That they had been poisoned by some deadly Indian draught there was no doubt. That a similar fate awaited their successors seemed more than probable; yet behold

Francisco Pujol y Pujol stepping fearlessly into the breach, and taking up the cross laid down by his murdered brethren! His unselfish zeal, however, sealed his doom, for within three months the same frightful disorder had marked him for its victim; a week after having been stricken, he too laid down the burden, and was buried in the little chapel beside his comrades.

When the new church was completed, in 1813, his martyred remains were reinterred on the gospel side of the sanctuary, where they still lie in quiet solitude. Beside him in his eternal slumber lies the body of Padre Antonio Sitjar, the founder of San Antonio and San Miguel. After thirty-seven years of unceasing toil among the gentiles, isolated from the scenes of his youth, or the haunts of men, this brilliant scholar, thinker, and linguist lay down to rest amid the scenes of his labors,—his triumphs and failures.

CHAPTER VIII.

SAN GABRIEL ARCANGEL.

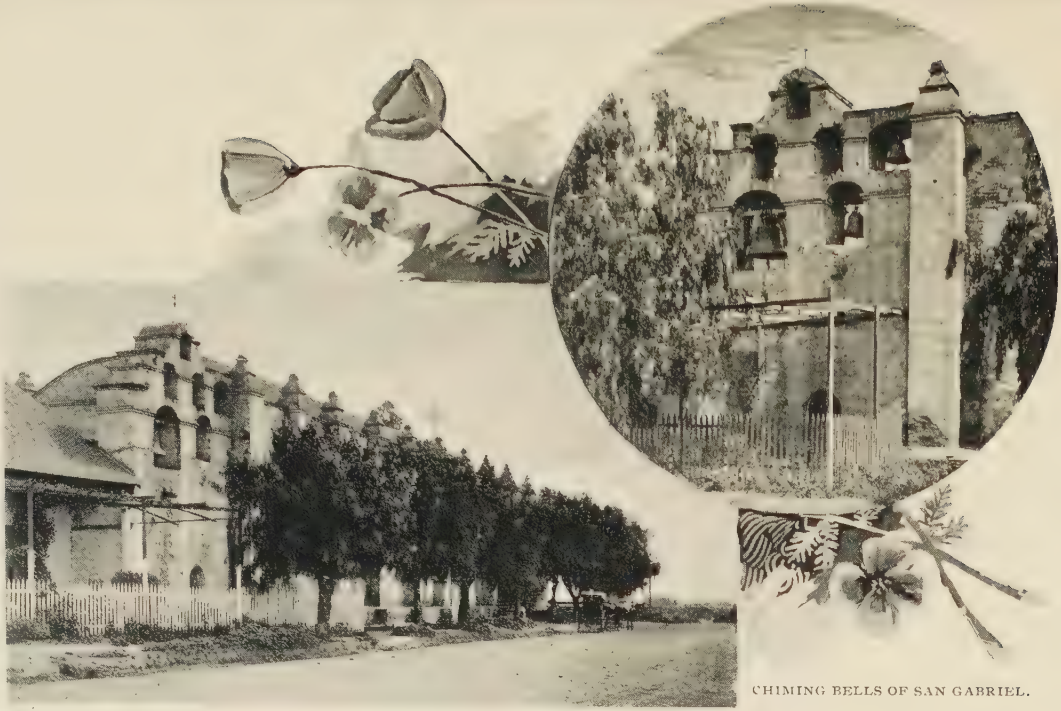
SAN GABRIEL, once the pride of the missions, was established September 8, 1771. During Portolá's first march to Monterey, it was determined to establish a mission in the neighborhood of the lovely river of Santa Ana. Accord-

ingly, on August 6, 1771, Padres Somera and Cambon, with an accompanying guard of twenty men, set out to locate it. At the spot first designated no suitable site for their purposes was observable; so they proceeded farther north, and located near the river San Miguel, later called Rio San Gabriel.

The spot upon which they halted was a veritable field of gold. The gentle rains of September had brought forth a wealth of goldenrod and eschscholtzia, making the hearts of the padres glad with promises of fine fields and orchards.

At the sight of the Spaniards a large band of natives gathered together, headed by two fierce-looking chieftains, who began warlike demonstrations forthwith. One of the padres thereupon drew from his breast a painting of the Madonna and held it aloft to their view. Instantly they fell upon their knees and offered up their beaded necklaces to the beautiful queen of angels. This, I am informed, was similar to the passing of the calumet, in vogue among the redmen of the Atlantic coast—a sign of peace. Then occurred the customary raising of the cross and the celebration of the mass. San Gabriel Arcangel was thus formally established.

Conversions at first were few; but as the years wore on San Gabriel became second to none in spiritual conquests. Moreover, several industries



CHIMING BELLS OF SAN GABRIEL.

SAN GABRIEL ARCANGEL.

were developed in her workshops; a soap factory was established, besides a shoe-shop and a carpenter-shop. These were operated by converted In-

A STIRRUP CARVED BY NEOPHYTES.

dians, many of whom attained considerable skill in their respective branches. Manufactures, too, had progressed satisfactorily, including large quantities of cloth, blankets, bridles, saddles, etc.

Among the padres at San Gabriel were some of artistic tastes, whose leisure moments were devoted to carving in wood, horn, and leather, some specimens of which were very beautiful. Eventually, the more delicate and sensitive of the natives were instructed in the art, and some marvelous tracings were done by their hands. Many specimens of their workmanship remain about the mission; but the irrepressible relic-hunter has laid his plundering hand upon nearly everything movable in the way of native productions. Thus some of the most beautiful stirrups, saddles, and cups of the thrifty mission days have found their way into the hands of strangers.

The livestock thrived wonderfully upon the grassy meadows, and at one time San Gabriel possessed more cattle than any other establishment. But of her vast bands, few remained after secularization; or, more properly speaking, after the great slaughter incident to the secularization. It is said that in the corrals of San Gabriel alone 30,000 head of cattle were slaughtered,—killed at the instance of the padres in their endeavor to snatch something from their possessions ere they passed part and parcel into the hands of the government. A contract was entered into whereby the cattle were to be slaughtered, and one half of the hides and tallow delivered to the padres. However just were the claims of the missionaries, the method

of adjustment seems hardly commendable. Thousands of carcasses lay rotting in the summer sun, infesting the air with the foulest gases, threatening

A PRODUCTION OF A SAN GABRIEL NEOPHYTE.

disease to the rancherias within a radius of many miles.

San Gabriel suffered sadly from the cruel blow of secularization, administered, as it was, at a time wholly premature and ill-advised. Secularization was but a synonym for destruction, for at the first sweep of the governmental edict, the beautiful

orchards and vineyards began to decay. Like a maiden shorn of her tresses and despoiled of her beauty, the once proud church looked sadly upon her ruined landscape; no longer her fountains danced in the glistening sunshine, no longer did the trees in the orchard grow in the neat uniformity of old. Ruin and desolation, like mould on the wall, was creeping everywhere.

In 1843, under the decree of Governor Micheltorena, San Gabriel, with eleven sister missions, was restored to the friars, who were empowered to preside over them as guardians of the Indians and custodians of the mission possessions. Restitution, however, came too late; in the interval many neophytes had wandered away from the mission, not a few straying back to their mountain fastnesses and pastoral life; indolence had stamped its seal of poverty upon many who remained,—San Gabriel had drifted too far upon the shoals of disaster.

In 1846, by order of Governor Pio Pico, the mission and nearly all of its vast domains were sold to William P. Reed and William Workman, in satisfaction of a debt. The padres disputed the validity of their title, however, upon the ground that Governor Pico possessed no power to dispose of mission property; and, after much litigation, the possessions reverted to the Church. Thereafter, a few Indians remained about the mission under the care and protection of the resident priest.

The last historical drama in which San Gabriel was destined to figure was the battle between the Americans, under General Kearny, and the Californians and Mexicans; in the very shadow of the chapel were the latter defeated.

Such was the fate of San Gabriel Arcangel, fairest of all the Franciscan possessions – the generous monastery whose portals were open wide to all the wanderers of its time.

CHAPTER IX.

SAN LUIS OBISPO DE TOLOSA.

IT had long been the cherished desire of the Padre Presidente to see established a continuous chain of missions from San Diego to San Francisco. Toward the consummation of his plan, he determined to establish a mission in the picturesque Cañada de los Osos, upon a site known among the natives as "Tixlini." This had long been the hunting-grounds for the surrounding rancherias, abounding in deer, bear, and antelope, and thus had it come strongly under Father Serra's observation.

Selecting Padre Cavaller, five soldiers, and a few San Carlos catechumens, Junípero started south. When within half a league of the Cañada, he

halted; and on the following day, September 1, 1772, raised the cross beneath the spreading branches of an aged cypress. The celebration of mass over, and the litany sung, the Mission of San Luis Obispo de Tolosa was ready to receive the benighted savages.

During the famine at San Carlos Borromeo, it will be remembered that Comandante Fages spent many weeks in the vicinity of the Cañada, hunting bear for the mission pantries. The Indians, not aware of his motive, attributed his diligent slaying of bruin to a desire to rid their country of his objectionable presence. So, when the padres came, they were well received, the Indians assisting them in all the preliminary work; and later, having learned the art of hewing stone, they assisted at the building of the permanent chapel.

Spiritually the natives were quite tractable. The first few months of the mission's establishment were more prolific of baptisms than was the first year of the earlier establishments. Temporally, San Luis Obispo de Tolosa prospered well after the first year; but those twelve months were trying times for the struggling, lonely Padre Cavaller. Then the clouds lifted—Padre Juncosa joined him, supplies came with more regularity, and a happy, prosperous community grew amid the spreading oaks.

During the troublous times of 1818, San Luis

had her part to play; when the call came from the government for supplies, Padre Luis Martinez, then stationed there, came forward with cloth, wines, fruits, and beef, with a liberality almost prodigal.

While never remarkable for her wealth or possessions, the Indians of San Luis were better fed and clothed than most of the *gente de razon* about them.

The most conspicuous figure in its history was Padre Luis Martinez—he of the jovial, rubicund countenance and greasy gown. Never a more jocund friar wore the cowl of St. Francis; portly of figure and gruff of speech, he cut a most imposing figure as the head of San Luis.

Situated near the seaboard, numerous traders and explorers visited the mission, ostensibly to pay a tribute of respect to the jolly friar, but secretly to obtain supplies from the mission storehouse. Ever hospitable to strangers, the impression went forth that Padre Luis was turning his ability to entertain to his pecuniary gain,—that the traders were not dismissed from the door of the storehouse when they knocked. In consequence of this, combined with political reasons, in the spring of 1830, he received an order from the viceroy, banishing him from his mission and his children. Whether the charges were true or false will perhaps never be known; however, be it said, that he had labored faithfully and well in his Master's vineyard, being

much beloved by his colleagues and neophytes for his kindly, sunny dispositon. His long residence in the lonely country had never produced in him the moroseness and asceticism that stamped many of his order; not even did the decree of banishment draw forth harsh or bitter sentiments.

Hear I a whisper that he may have been glad to get away? Hardly so; for the parting with the neophytes in the mission garden was fraught with tears and sadness. However downcast he may have felt at his parting, it was not the disappointing sorrow that fell to the lot of the remaining friars, who, a few years thereafter, were called upon to witness a complete collapse of their labors, an undoing of years of toil, deprivation, and sacrifice. The remaining years of the padre were passed in old Madrid.

Defying time, the buildings reared on the Cañada still exist, the chapel being in a good state of preservation. Though the mission was established in 1773, just at what date the chapel was completed does not appear. Like all the missions, the first buildings were very crude—simple wooden structures with mud roofs, inclosed within palisades, not unlike the homes of the rugged Puritan settlers on the other edge of the continent.

The great *temblor* in 1812 did some damage to the walls of the church, but nothing more serious resulted from the great terrestrial disturbance.

Secularization produced the same disastrous results at San Luis as at all the other missions. Disintegration of the mission property followed, grants were made of her lands, and naught now remains of her former glory but the storm-beaten walls of her church.

CHAPTER X.

SAN FRANCISCO DE ASIS.

THE planting of the cross at the point of the peninsula was the consummation of long-developed plans.

When the first party of missionaries and explorers set out to find Monterey harbor, they passed their destination unwittingly; and, marching on northward, climbed the low hills in what is now San Mateo county. There, lying off to the left, was the vast unruffled bosom of the Pacific, and before them the bluff, bleak cliffs of Point Reyes, beneath which lay the much-talked-of port of San Francisco. While the party was reconnoitering, preparatory to departure, a couple of soldiers ascended the hills near the camp in search of game. From the eminence a beautiful blue sea to the right revealed itself to their astonished gaze. Calmly resting in the embrace of green shores that sloped away to ancestral forests, the bay was inspiringly

beautiful in its maiden purity; for never had the keel of vessel disturbed its serenity, nor had European eyes before gazed upon its voluptuous beauty. Hither had St. Francis drawn them, and here on its shores would be his mission.

Accordingly orders were received from Viceroy Bucareli to proceed to the newly discovered port and there to establish a presidio and a mission: but adverse circumstances and Captain Rivera's idiosyncrasies retarded matters, so that a start was not effected until June 17, 1776. Then Lieutenant Moraga, with his little band of soldiers, their families and servants, bade farewell to their comrades at Monterey and took the route northward that Lieutenant Anza had established the year previous. After a slow march, camp was pitched on the Laguna de los Dolores. The *San Carlos*, with the supplies and cannon on board, had not yet arrived, nor did she for a month.

Meanwhile, Moraga was diligently erecting huts for his people, and later took it upon himself to begin the construction of the presidio; until such time as the presidio was established, no mission could be thought of. At last, on September 17th, the structures being completed, the fort was formally taken amid the roar of a swivel gun and the ringing of bells.

This done, the friars' hearts grew glad. Padres Palou and Cambon, assisted by De la Peña, forth-

SAN FRANCISCO DE ASIS (DOLORES).

with prepared to establish the mission. Already several soldiers had erected dwellings for their families, and little remained now but the formal chanting of "Te Deum" and mass celebration, that the good St. Francis might be honored by a mission.

The demonstrations incident to the presidio establishment drove the natives from the vicinity in fear—in fear of the "chinchinabros," and their implacable enemies, the Indians of the San Mateo rancherias. For several months the fugitives could not be made to leave their island retreats, whither they fled in tule canoes, until the padres convinced them that the soldiers, instead of harming them, would offer them protection from danger. Then they returned and assisted in the erection of the church and the main dwelling; these were like the others—wooden structures—with tule roofs, but were somewhat more pretentious, being plastered with clay.

On October 4th, the day of St. Francis of Assisi, the dedication was to have taken place; but Comandante Moraga being absent, the formal ceremonies did not occur until the 9th. A solemn procession, headed by an image of the patron saint, was formed after mass, composed of the good padres in their alb and stole, and those who were present at the founding of the presidio. The hills about reverberated with the volleys of musketry and the boom of cannon as the celebrants marched

around the chapel—a fantastic spectacle, indeed, in the wild wilderness. Thus as the red sun dipped into the waters of the Golden Gate on that eventful eve, it shed its ruddy glow upon another outpost of Christ—the Mission of San Francisco de Asis on the Laguna de los Dolores.

Be not confused over the discrepancies in the name of the establishment, it frequently being referred to as the Mission Dolores, which simply means "a mission upon the Dolores,"—a stream which has since dried up, leaving no visible traces of its former bed. Dwinelle tells us that the "Willows," once a familiar locality to early-day pleasure-seekers, was the home of this defunct body of water; this seems quite rational; since were it an arm of the bay it could not have supported the dainty willows that grew there so profusely.

The padres at the new mission had trying times for many months, hordes of the fugitive natives remaining still in exile. Those who did venture into the mission came with hostile intentions, bent upon theft and making life as unbearable for the friars as possible. A few skirmishes occurred, in one of which a native was killed. Then a truce was declared, and thenceforth a peaceful community came to dwell within the mission. It is a noticeable fact that the exhibition of superior power, or brute force, was necessary to win respect or even toleration from the natives.

During the first year little of interest occurred. In June, 1777, three Indians were led to the baptismal font. The close of the year saw thirty-one proselytes, which was hardly cheering to the zealous, hard-working friars. Later, however, when the savages and the padres came together on a more friendly basis, brought about in the old way by gifts, conversions became more numerous.

Architecturally little progress was made during the decade. Timber was scarce, the adobe poor, and as a result the buildings were continually becoming disintegrated. Rarely ever was the luxury of four walls and a roof intact enjoyed.

Financially the mission was prosperous. Its cattle multiplied with rapidity, and its yield of crops was plentiful. The crops were not sown in the immediate vicinity of the mission, owing to the sterility of the soil, but about ten miles down the peninsula.

In 1826, the English navigator Beechey sailed into the Golden Gate, and visited the presidio and mission, which he describes thus: "The governor's abode was in a corner of the presidio, and formed one end of a row of which the other was occupied by a chapel; the opposite side was broken down, and little better than a heap of rubbish and bones, on which jackals, dogs, and vultures were constantly preying; the other two sides of the quadrangle contained storehouses, artificers' shops

and the gaol, all built in the humblest style, with badly burned brick and roofed with tiles. The chapel and the governor's house were distinguished by being whitewashed." Like all our latter-day English travelers, his description is scarcely flattering. There is no doubt, however, that San Francisco de Asis had passed the days of her ascendency; since the total population in 1830 had dwindled to about two hundred.

Meanwhile, however, the chapel had been rebuilt, streets laid out with careful precision, and a pretty stream of gleaming water sent through the plaza. On either side dwelt the Indians and their families in little wooden huts, many of which became presentable, and even picturesque, beneath a burden of verdant vines — a quiet, Utopian village, near the Golden Gate. No haste, no greed, no envy, no worship of the almighty dollar; a striking antithesis to the great, busy commercial mart that was destined to rise from its ashes.

Thus began a series of events that continued on in an uninterrupted chain, weaving the structure into the grand social fabric that became, ere a century passed, the Queen of the West.

The precious link that joins our civilization of to-day with the romantic mission period is the quaint adobe chapel of the Mission Dolores, beneath whose aged roof the hymnals from Indian throats were "gathered and rolled back" on

hundred years ago; where the primitive redman knelt in simple supplication to the God of the "Guacamal," and learned from the lips of the pious padres the great truths of His teachings.

Those who played a part in the history of the mission lie sleeping in its ruined churchyard, unmarked and forgotten, save by the gentle willows that wave and weep above them. Long may the church survive — the living monument of a bygone age, and a lost people!

CHAPTER XI.

SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

SINCE 1812, the year of the great *temblor*, San Juan Capistrano has been a pile of ruins; the proudest edifice of its time, it is no less stately in its desolation. To my mind San Juan Capistrano is the Melrose Abbey of the West. Visit it, by all means, after the moon has risen, and the world about you is wrapt in slumber; then await the inspiration. Not to feel an exhilaration of soul, an exaltation of the spirit, an imperceptible uplifting into a rarer atmosphere—Protestant and Catholic alike—there is something lacking in the composition of your soul.

Founded November 1, 1776, San Juan came

into being soon after the birth of our republic. Built entirely of stone and mortar, with graceful arches and a transept, it was indeed a splendid structure—built, incredible as it may seem, almost entirely by Indian hands. Its erection was begun on February 2, 1797, and completed in 1806. On September 7, 1806, in the presence of Padre Presidente Tapis and all the padres then available, the soldiers and scores of neophytes, it was dedicated to the "Solemnity of the Purification of the Blessed Mother."

In 1776, there had been an attempt at establishing the mission upon a site known to the Indians as "Quanis Savit Sajirit," but the murderous revolt at San Diego postponed operations; hastily the bells, chasubles and supplies were buried, and the mission was for the time abandoned. Immediately the company set out for the scene of the revolt, hoping to be of assistance to their isolated brethren at San Diego.

On their arrival, however, everything was serene and calm; the warring gentiles had retired to their rancherias, and Father Fuster and his comrades had found safety at the presidio.

Having remained a short time among the still nervous company to reassure them, Padre Serra, with Gregorio Amurrio and ten soldiers, started north to complete the mission so hastily abandoned.

Spade in hand, the energetic Serra dug up the

SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—Destroyed by an Earthquake

buried bells, swung them over a cypress tree, and rung them mightily. With the usual ceremonial of saying mass and chanting the "Te Deum," the establishment of the Mission of San Juan Capistrano was completed.

The first missionaries and those who reared the first structure were Padres Amurrio and Pablo de Mugartegui, both able and good men. But perhaps the most notable minister of San Juan in her golden days was Padre Jose Ma Zalvidea, a man of great sanctity and devotion, and withal possessed of much executive ability and ambition. It was he who guided the destinies of San Gabriel for many years and who placed her at the head of the missions in affairs both temporal and spiritual. But as age grew upon him, his powerful mental activity waned, and we find him wandering about the fields of San Juan, whither he had gone as supernumerary, and for rest, discussing the subtlest problems of the *doctrina* with the cattle about him. It is said that one day while walking in the fields, prayer-book in hand and preoccupied in its perusal, a mad bull came tearing along the ground, throwing up the dirt at every spring, and making straightway for the meditating padre. The neophytes laboring near called out to him, but before he had heeded them, the bull was upon him. Looking up from his book, he cried out: "Begone, thou spirit of evil!" Raising his head, the animal re-

garded the friar a moment, then lowered his tail and trotted away, leaving the padre uninjured to continue his meditation. This the neophytes regarded as a providential delivery, attributing his safety to his great sanctity and devotion.

In 1846, death released the poor old friar, who, in the discharge of his self-imposed duty, lost his health and reason, induced, no doubt, from solitude and the loss of companionship—the greatest hardship these men of refinement and education were called upon to endure.

Matters progressed without much deviation from the ordinary routine of the preceding mission till 1812, when the great earthquake, or *temblor*, visited them, bringing death and destruction in its wake. On the morning of December 8th, the neophytes gathered together in the chapel for devotion. While the mass progressed, the sun withdrew behind a passing cloud, as if loath to watch the impending destruction. A low, rumbling roar was heard, the ground trembled, and lo! the lofty tower of the church came thundering through the vaulted roof upon the heads of the affrighted worshipers. The images fell from their niches, the pictures from the walls, and the air was filled with dust and mortar. Miraculously the priest and six neophytes escaped. When the debris was cleared, the bruised and bleeding bodies of thirty-nine neophytes were found. On each succeeding day for a

week, the survivors devoted their time to the services of the dead. A pall of sorrow had spread over San Juan Capistrano from which she never emerged.

The church was never reconstructed. Services were subsequently held in an adjoining adobe building formerly used as a dwelling. The ruins, as they now stand, tell the tale of the destroying *temblor*, though time has struggled to efface the harshness of the story. In the churchyard hard by, lie the bodies of the padres who died in the service of the Church and civilization. The mission ruins are the eloquent epitaphs of their deeds.

In 1833, Capistrano, like the others, was secularized. Those of the neophytes who were thoroughly Christianized and considered reliable were allotted land to cultivate for themselves. They were thus freed from the jurisdiction of the padres, though under their spiritual guidance—the *status* of the friars having been changed from guardians of the Indians to that of parish priests. Then the mission lands were divided, the implements borrowed or lost; and the livestock, which numbered up in the thousands, was divided and stolen. Many thousands of head were slaughtered about the fields of San Juan, presumably with the padres' cognizance, rather than have them fall into the hands of the designing government.

In 1843, however, observing the retrogression of

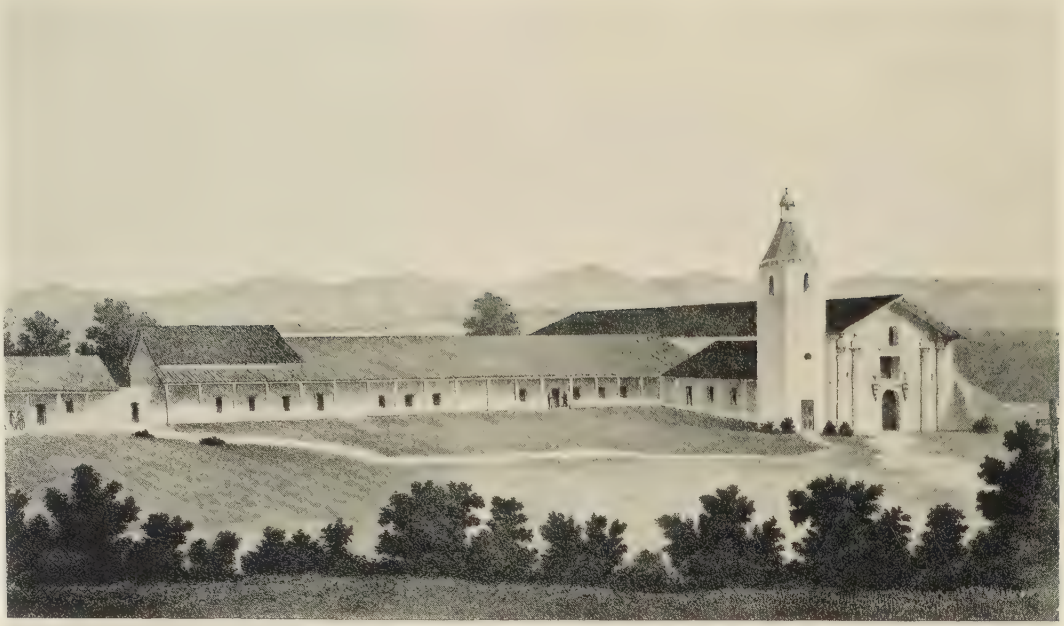
the Indians and the destruction of mission property under the new regime, Governor Micheltorena ordered San Juan restored to the padres.

Though they could not reclaim lands that had been granted, they were permitted to gather such cattle as could be traced, and to resume the guardianship of the Indians. Disorganization had progressed too far, however, for restoration; and the next year the mission was sold by order of the Government to James McKinley and John Foster for seven hundred and ten dollars. The latter lived there in peaceful possession for twenty years, when the Catholic Church laid claim to the chapel and its belongings. After much litigation the Church won the suit, and is now the undisputed possessor of the picturesque ruins.

CHAPTER XII.

SANTA CLARA.

AT the head of the broad, fertile plain of San Bernardino, through which wound the beautiful River Guadaloupe, Padre Tomás de la Peña determined to plant a mission. That one should be dedicated to the pious Assisi maiden had been long decided upon; so it was determined that the new one would be reared in her honor and under her guidance.



MISSION SANTA CLARA

On January 6, 1777, Padre Peña and Lieutenant Moraga, with the regular *escoltas* and muleteers, supplies, etc., bade adieu to their comrades at San Francisco de Asis, and marched south to the selected locality, halting in the vicinity of four populous rancherias, known as "Tares."

There, under an *enramada* of branches, on January 12th, Padre Peña sang the mass, blessed the water, and raised the cross; Santa Clara was now added to the fast increasing outposts of civilization.

Buildings were forthwith erected around the customary court — this one seventy yards square — and missionary work was immediately begun.

The fat, round-bodied cattle proved a great temptation to the gastronomical savages, and the padres' lot for a long time was a sorry one, keeping guard over their beeves. However, after the very persuasive argument of a public execution, the cattle were practically let alone by the purloining Indians

Padre Peña was joined in his labors by Juan Murguía, and at the end of their first year they had gathered sixty-seven gentiles into the fold; besides, fourteen adults who died that year had become Christians upon their deathbeds — a source of great consolation to Peña in his declining years.

The wisdom of the padre in selecting so fertile a locality was commented upon by Rivera and Moraga; but it suffered one serious drawback, be-

ing dangerously near the river bank, and liable to inundations. In 1779 these fears were fully realized. The freshets from the mountains swelled the volume of the river, and it overflowed its banks. The mission was flooded, and several houses floated off their foundations. Thereafter all moved to higher ground, where soil was broken for a new adobe church.

On May 15, 1784, the dedication ceremonies took place, with Padre Serra as celebrant, assisted by Fathers Peña and Palou. The church was the most elaborate yet erected in California, graceful in outline and substantial in detail. Its builder and architect, Padre Murguía, sad to relate, was buried beneath its walls four days before its dedication. In 1818 a heavy *temblor* visited the locality, and shook the chapel so seriously that repairs were deemed useless; so a new structure, still surviving, was erected in 1825–6.

The arrangement of earlier buildings was similar to the San Francisco mission—grouped about an incomplete rectangle of one hundred by one hundred and seventy feet. Vancouver tells us that the dwellings of the padres and soldiers were far superior to any he had observed in the new country; compared with those of the friars at San Carlos, these were extravagantly spacious. In 1798, all the married neophytes had been gathered into the quaintest little village imaginable, composed of whitewashed

adobe dwellings, red-capped with tiles, with neat little kitchen gardens smiling before them. The beautiful wild-rose had been carried from its loose freedom in the glens near by, and planted and nurtured with care, till it clambered well-nigh to the house-tops, a dignified blossom of cultivation. Domesticity had begun to take root in the new soil, and, like the wild-rose, it was thriving vigorously, bearing each year fairer blossoms of love and righteousness. Crime and evil-doing were becoming proportionately rarer, and the duties of the friars correspondingly less onerous.

With the brightest of emerald fields beneath, the bluest of sapphire skies above, within sound of the gentle "swish" of the Guadaloupe, a happy community of converts and friars grew and prospered. But behold! In the distance the dense clouds of secularization had gathered; thicker and blacker they grew, till at last they burst upon the mission in all their fury. When the storm cleared, the crown and sceptre of Santa Clara had been swept away. Once the most populous outpost of the church, behold within a decade but four hundred of her fifteen hundred neophytes, only two thousand of her immense herds of cattle, and her orchards, that in former days yielded prodigally, fast falling to ruin.

In 1839, while presided over by José Ramon Estrada, *comisionado*, vast tracts of fertile fields of

the mission were granted away to foreigners, until at last the Indian rose in righteous indignation to assert his rights, and demanded that no more of his lands be stolen from him and given over into the hands of strangers. The unsupported protest carried but little weight; the friends of the crown and the supporters of the governor must of necessity be provided for. Behold! Ere many years the scanty ground upon which to plant his wickiup of grass and tule was quite denied him; if given, it was bestowed in the name of charity—that which was his by the gift of God and the right of heritage.

Of the once proud and prosperous mission little remains but the old adobe chapel and some lands round about, now in the possession of the Jesuits. Where, in the olden time, the Indian youths were wont to gather to learn the words of God and the ways of man, the sons of another race and of another age are to-day brought together in the pursuit of a broader light. Few descendants, if any, remain of the primitive pupils of the padres —the relentless law of the survival of the fittest having long ago decreed the destruction of the native race and the supremacy of the Aryan. Every vestige of the redman about Santa Clara has disappeared—everything save the mission church. That alone survives, a monument to a departed race.

SAN BUENAVENTURA

CHAPTER XIII.

SAN BUENAVENTURA.

DURING Portolá's romantic march of 1769 along the surf-washed coast, he encountered several thickly populated Indian villages scattered along the Santa Barbara channel. Curious little towns, these, composed of conical huts of tules and grass, with an aperture on one side for ingress. These little savage settlements were laid out with geometrical precision, the green-brown huts rising regularly from either side of a wide passage-way. Here was Chupu, the great god of the universe, worshiped with fiery sacrifice.

Early in 1782, the heavy rains of winter over and the meadow-grass and daisies peeping into life, Padres Serra and Cambon, together with seventy soldiers and their families, started from San Gabriel for the channel rancherias, the flaming prairie-torch of spring lighting them on to their destination, whither they arrived March 29th. The company halted at the first of the villages, named "Asuncion" by the doughty Portolá. Here Serra determined upon planting one of the three projected missions, designating a spot near the beach for the site. Next day, as the sun was rising above the water's edge and gilding old ocean with streaks of yellow, another mission was ushered in.

Beneath a shelter of fragrant cypress boughs, robed in their silken vestments, Padres Serra and Cambon solemnly chanted the mass, blessed the cross and the water, and dedicated the mission to St. Buenaventura, the "Seraphic Doctor," Giovanni di Fidanzo of Tuscany. A picturesque gathering crowded about. The officers and soldiers in their glittering uniforms knelt beside the neophytes in breeches and blanket, while, wild-eyed and furtive, the natives in their savage undress, stood wonderingly by, reassured, however, by the presence of their brethren from the north. Convinced that the coming of the Spaniard boded them no ill, the natives made many demonstrations of friendship and docility, generously bearing berries and seeds to the friars, the last, I doubt not, of their winter stores.

Treachery, however, had been an inalienable attribute of the savage ever; and, mindful of superior numbers of the natives and of the inefficiency of military protection of the Spaniards, it was deemed expedient to throw up earthworks and palisades about the proposed site ere the buildings were begun. Pending the completion of the fortification, the natives were not permitted within the rectangle, except in small groups and without arms.

The establishment of San Buenaventura was the inauguration of new regulations in the mission system as promulgated by Governor Neve. The sol-

diers, under heavy penalties, were constrained from interference with the natives. They were, under no circumstances, to visit the rancherias, unless under orders from the padres. To the vicious acts of the soldiers nearly all the revolts of the older establishments had been attributable. This would, by Neve's policy, be discontinued, and a purer moral atmosphere permeate presidio and rancheria.

Other reasons less magnanimous, however, lay at the bottom of the decree. An uncontrollable desire possessed the military authorities to usurp the temporal power of the Franciscans. Jealousy of the cowl had ever been rampant in the military breast. Neve, possessed of more diplomatic power than his predecessors, made the bold innovation beneath the guise of humanitarianism; but however sordid his motives, the results were undoubtedly beneficial. No longer could the amorous soldier frequent the rancherias and betake to himself the loves of wives and daughters, as had been his wont. The sudden night attack; its revengeful yells, its rain of arrows and its crackling blaze, thus became less frequent, and the tranquillity of mission life less broken. Moreover, the *escoltas* were not permitted the possession of horses, the temptation to appropriate which the native Californian had hitherto been morally unable to resist.

The first few years at the seaside mission were not so prolific of baptisms as were commensurate

with the earlier protestations of friendship, nor with the clarified moral environment but the first year of the new century let in a flood of success to the friars. Padres Dumetz and Santa Maria, they who had reared the primitive altar beneath the boughs and had swung the incense through its leafy roof to the heavens beyond, still remained at the helm, guiding the mission through the shoals of hardship to a port of temporal and spiritual ease.

In 1802, Ventura possessed finer herds of cattle and richer fields of grain than any of her contemporaries, and her gardens and orchards were visions of wealth and beauty, withheld from the loves of the hoary surf by a yellow field of corn that relentlessly waved "no" to his passionate embraces. The same cool breezes that bestirred the silvered leaves of the apple and peach trees swayed the tops of the cocoanut and banana; these children of the tropics grew and prospered by the seaside with the same glorious luxuriance of their less sensuous kindred. Then came the chilly blast of secularization. Though less bitter than it blew upon the fair San Gabriel, the withered leaves and blighted trees ere many years told the tale of its visit.

In 1790, the primitive chapel gave way to a fine stone structure, which was completed in 1809. On September 9th, with all the solemnity of the Catholic ritual, Padre Señan, assisted by five other disciples of St. Francis, dedicated the new chapel;

for three days the celebration continued, the neophytes and the neighboring gentiles joining in the attendant feast. The religious services of the morning over, dancing and the fantastic games of the channel tribes held full sway; robed in their gay *rebozos*, the sinuous Indian maidens were a delight to the eye; the wild freedom of their primitive life had developed strength and lithesomeness of limb, that the intricate mazes of their dance displayed to the admiring Spaniard. Little wonder, then, that the idle, dreaming, romantic son of Castile forgot the proud lineage of his race, and wooed and won the dark-eyed maiden of the *monjerio*.

In the course of its career the new church was destined to figure in military as well as religious history. In March, 1838, a fierce battle was fought within its precincts, between Carrillo's forces and the supporters of Alvarado. During the bombardment a rifleman stationed in the church-tower fired a deadly shot into the ranks of the enemy, felling a leader; forthwith the guns of the opposing forces bore down upon the church, the shot and shell beating against the walls with dogged determination. The din of battle over and the smoke uplifted, the chapel was found to have stood invincible. The heavy guns, however, left their marks upon the whitewashed walls in seams and scars, though time, ere this, has almost healed the wounds of battle.

The downfall of San Buenaventura during the years preceding her secularization was not so swift as was the unhappy fate of her sisters. In 1834, there were six hundred and thirty-six neophytes gathered in the mission fold; a gain in live-stock was noted, and field and orchard yet yielded fruitfully. In 1837, came the *comisionado*, Carlos Carrillo, armed with the dreaded *pronunciamiento* of secularization; to him the disheartened and discouraged padres delivered the temporal belongings of the mission which they had reared.

From the planting of the cross in 1782 until the government assumed control in 1837, the mission books show that San Buenaventura had brought into the pale of Christ three thousand eight hundred and seventy-six Indians. Moreover, they had been taught to sow and reap, to manufacture, and to live after the manner of civilized communities.

The temple wherein the savage knelt so long ago to hear the words of enlightenment and truth stands to-day, still a fit shrine wherein to worship the great God that supplanted Chupu, the All-Powerful.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH AT SAN CARLOS.

WEARY with toil, racked with pain, and wasted from disease and privation, Padre Crespí, so long the shepherd at San Carlos, awaited the coming of the grim messenger. Well had he watered his flocks in the sparkling brook of light and truth; carefully had he gathered them in when the storms of disaster overtook them; and now he longed for rest—the rest and the reward that he had labored long to earn.

On December 31, 1781, as the old year was heavily heaving his last hoarse breath, the spirit of the dying monk fled with it. His task was done. Consoled in his last hours by his lifelong friend and companion, Padre Serra, he passed away as calmly as fades a summer's day. With sorrow and weeping his body was committed to the grave, the neophytes and soldiers assisting at the service.

While Padre Crespí will live in the annals of our history as a missionary of pure life and deep zeal, his memory as an historian will survive that of the individual. The only records extant of the first inland expedition through California are those bequeathed by him. Simple annals, these, of the new land and the new people, but full of the bounding freshness of the virgin country in which he had cast his lot.

The death of Padre Crespí told hard upon the venerable Padre Presidente. The last living link that bound him to his natal land—his schoolmate, friend, and fellow-friar—had passed into the great beyond. Prostrated by the blow, he never rallied. Instinctively feeling that the parting was but for a day, he undertook to prepare for his approaching end. In early January, while the frosts still fell on the fields about, he started south to administer the rite of confirmation upon the neophytes who gathered in the lower missions. At San Gabriel, his throat trouble became exaggerated, and the ulcer upon his leg more malignant; indeed, it was thought that here he would die. But his labors were not yet ended; while a neophyte remained to be confirmed, he must push forward; there were still to be visited the missions of Santa Clara and San Francisco. In all, he bestowed the rite of confirmation upon six thousand converts. Age and disease were now pressing hard upon him, and he reluctantly returned home. Arrived at San Carlos, the dying padre was received with open arms by his neophytes, who ministered tenderly to the ills of their beloved master. Two days before the end, he arose and walked to the chapel, there to receive the last sacrament of the church,—the friars, officers, and soldiers witnessing the sad rite with moistened eyes. That night was passed reclining in the arms of his neophytes, or kneeling in meditation beside

his couch. Arising, he tottered to the door of his cell, and gazed out for the last time upon field and orchard, sky and river. Uplifting his eyes to the stars, "the forget-me-nots of the angels," he bowed his head in resignation, and returning, closed his eyes to earth as peacefully as a babe goeth to sleep upon its mother's breast.

Soon the bells in the tower tolled forth the sad tidings. Scores of Indians, weeping and wringing their hands, hastened to the chapel, bearing blossoms and wreaths of leaves to lay at the feet of the beloved shepherd.

Clad in the simple garb of a monk, he lay peacefully sleeping in the dim light of the sanctuary, his hands crossed on his breast, clasping the crucifix—the standard to which he had ever been a loyal subject. Touching, indeed, must have been the neophytes' manifestations of sorrow—they of a nation born to dissemble; but behold the grief of the stolid chieftain, who from his cradle had learned to smother emotion. Unabashed at his weakness, his tears were mingled with those of his tribe, as he knelt by the side of the dead friar and kissed the hem of his garment.

On Sunday, August 29th, the body was committed to the grave, in the presence of the soldiers and officers, and all the inhabitants of Monterey. As the body was lowered into the sepulchre, the guns of the fort and those of a vessel in port thundered

forth a farewell volley. All available honors, civic, military, and religious, were bestowed upon the hallowed dead.

The body was interred in the presbytery, beside the remains of the beloved Crespí—as they dwelt in life, so dwelt they in death. The remains, however, were not to rest in their first sepulchral home. On the completion of the new chapel, the bodies were disinterred and placed somewhere in the new edifice; but the exact spot of burial was never known, the records of re-interment presumably having been lost. In 1852, the tiled roof of the second structure fell in, and the sun and the rains of many winters brought forth a rank growth of grass and weeds, effectually concealing the resting-place of the founder of our State.

Many of the curates of the parish of Monterey endeavored, from indirect documents and the memories of surviving mission Indians, to locate the hallowed spot; but it was not till 1882 that light fell upon the gravestones, to the great delight of the discoverer, Father Casanova, then spiritual minister of the sleepy little Spanish town. Led by the discovery of some weather-stained documents, he set to work to clear away the debris and the tangled mass of weeds from the deserted sanctuary, and to grope about with care in the sacred precinct. After a few days' work, he came upon three huge stone slabs, such as are used to close sarcophagii; these

removed, and there lay in unquestionable identity the mortal remains of the fathers of California, so long concealed from human gaze. Replacing the slabs in position, he returned in a few days, and in the presence of several hundred people, opened the sepulchres that so long concealed their dead, and revealed to the wondering spectators the grinning skulls and whitened bones. In silent reverence, I looked into the nearest one, that of Junípero's (it having been my good fortune to be visiting the quaint old town at the time), and I beheld the linen kerchief that had bound his weary feet; the femur and the fibula were still in a fair state of preservation, as was also the toothless skull, but all else had gone the way of all flesh—to the dust of the universe.

Well do I remember the pathetic recital of the deeds of the good old friar, as related by his latter-day successor, which led me irresistibly into contemplating the divergent circumstances of their respective labors. The friar upon whose ashes I had gazed was wont to preach in a language wholly new to him—the tongue of the Sacalanes—and to relegate his soft Castilian to the few leisure moments spent with his solitary colleague. With a congregation of wide-eyed, simple savages, who knew as little of the philosophy of their being as a babe unborn, in a vast country peopled only by a pagan race whose attitude to the friars was wholly

unknown, and with no possible means of escape should the savages rise against them; yet, unperturbed, they labored on, content and happy at each conversion, sorrowful at each desertion.

Long may the memories of such men survive. In this age of gain and greed, such examples of self-abnegation and sacrifice are worthy of our reflection.

Junípero Serra, the layer of the corner-stone of Western civilization, thy name shall live as long as our rivers pursue their courses and our mountains rear their proud crests heavenward!

CHAPTER XV.

SANTA BARBARA.

ALMOST simultaneous with the establishment of San Buenaventura, the presidio of Santa Barbara was founded. This was the stepping-stone to the planting of the mission there.

The site chosen was the bend of a small, sheltered bay, at a spot called Concepcion Laguna. Near by was a large village of gentiles, governed by a chieftain known as Yanonalit, who professed great friendship for the missionaries; governing, as he did, thirteen populous rancherias, his friendliness was invaluable to the padres. The natives,

partaking of the confidence of their chief, offered themselves to assist in the building of the necessary structures. Their offer was accepted and paid for in articles of food and clothing and in trinkets.

On December 4, 1786, the festival of Santa Barbara Virgen y Martyr, the Mission of Santa Barbara was formally established, with Padres Antonio Paterna and Cristobal Oramas in charge. Owing to the lateness of the season and the heavy rains, but little work was done on the mission buildings, the presidio built in 1782 offering shelter to the missionaries and their attendants till spring. Good work was accomplished here in the Master's vineyard. During 1790, five hundred and twenty baptisms had been performed.

Three years after the foundation of the mission, a church was erected of adobes—a structure eighteen by ninety feet, whitewashed and roofed in with tiles. This, like the other stone structures in the south, suffered much from the great earthquake; extensive repairs were made upon it, but withal it was not deemed entirely safe in so shaky a locality. In 1815, a new church was begun, and, in 1820, it was consecrated with the greatest jubilation yet held in the new country. It is described by Padre Francisco Suñer in the mission annals in the following manner: It is "of hewn stone and mortar, walls very strongly built with good buttresses, a tower of two stories, holding six bells, a plaster ceiling frescoed, marbled

columns, altar-tables in Roman style, one of them with a pulpit. Image of Santa Barbara in front of a niche supported by six columns, and at the extremities of the triangle the three virtues, all four figures being of cut stone, painted in oil. The floor of burnished bitumen, various decorations in church and sacristy; all agreeable, strong and neat." So substantial an edifice attracted much attention and admiration at the time, and has ever since enjoyed much distinction among the missions, being especially attractive to tourists, hundreds of whom visit it yearly.

At the zenith of her prosperity, there were gathered within the ponderous mission-walls a community of nearly two hundred and fifty adobe dwellings, whitewashed and tiled, and floored with a newly-discovered sort of bitumen; neat, clean, and comfortable, these domiciles were ofttimes more habitable than those of the *gente de razon* of the presidio. Manufactures progressed satisfactorily. As early as 1800, we learn that two hundred Indians were engaged in carding, weaving and dyeing, and with amazing success. They possessed many native methods of dyeing that surpassed the skill of the Spaniards — their Campeche, Brazil and Zacatastal woods producing fine colorings. Red, in all its savage glare, was the most sought after, both by men and women. Red *rebozos* adorned the maidens, red blankets the males, red

SANTA BARBARA.

GARDEN OF SANTA BARBARA.

ribbons both, with a preponderance of decoration, I am told, in favor of the men.

Carpentering and masonry were taught systematically by regularly employed instructors, most of whom were imported from Mexico. That the natives obtained proficiency in these industries, one need but stand before the lofty towers and broad façade of the surviving church and its magnificent fountain before it, to be convinced.

Besides the grosser vocations, the Indians of Santa Barbara acquired much skill in an artistic sort of leather-stamping, an industry that flourishes still in the country round about.

This mission, that lay in the embrace of hills and ocean, passed its childhood days in peaceful quiet, growing into beautiful maturity, with little of incident to impart, unless it be Vancouver's visit, in 1798, and Bouchard's, later, until 1824, when her stately pillars became, for the nonce, battlements of war, from behind which the insurgent Indians rained arrows and shot upon the Spaniards with deadly effect. Then followed the apostates' escape to the hills, and later to the Tulare plains, carrying everything portable, even threatening to carry away the fat friar—he who later became their powerful intercessor, and obtained for them, from Don Luis Arguello, an *indulto*, or absolute pardon, resulting in armed forces being dispatched to their retreat to bring them back to the

mission and the forgiving fathers, who received them with open arms at their tearful recital of repentance, which, to my mind, was largely brought about by the scarcity, on the Tulare plains, of beef, beds, and blankets. However, the padres rejoiced at the neophytes' renunciation of evil, which they firmly believed to have been sincere.

Ofttimes, in just such manner, the friars' zeal supplanted sophistry; because the insurgents violated nothing within the church, and therefore committed no sacrilege, Padre Rapoll was wholly unable to discern the crime of rebellion.

The mission, over whose orchard and garden the invigorating breezes of ocean have swept these hundred years, has held her own against the onslaughts of time. Secularization was less devastating here than elsewhere, the disciples of St. Francis soon succeeding Comisionado Anastasio Carrillo as custodians of fair Santa Barbara, over whose destinies they still preside. Just as of old, the cowled monks walk and pray in the mission garden, treading the same paths beneath the trees as did the friars of long ago. Courteous and pleasant ever, they will lead the visitor into the ancient chapel, and dwell at length upon the treasures that were gathered there in the past. An air of ancient sanctity pervades the chapel, that in the stillness of a summer afternoon is solemnly impressive and moves the visitor to speak in whispered tones. The in-

cense that has burned these scores of years has perfumed dome and pillar, its heavy breath denying life to the weakly sunbeams that strive to enter.

Beside the church lie the ancient graves of her fathers, unmarked and forgotten, save by the golden poppies that return each spring — nature's endeavor to immortalize their resting-place.

CHAPTER XVI.

LA PURÍSIMA CONCEPCION.

THIS mission, so charmingly christened, was located on the Santa Inéz river, being formally founded December 8, 1787. Later, however, the site known as "Algsacupi" was changed, the mission being transferred across the river to Los Berros.

In 1795, the chapel, crude in its construction, was rapidly falling to ruin, and we find the natives diligently gathering materials for a new edifice, which was dedicated in 1802.

In 1812 came a terrific *temblor*, which visited La Purísima with vicious severity. Its new chapel tumbled and fell, its hundred tile-roofed dwellings were shaken down, and the seething river swept away what little had survived the shock.

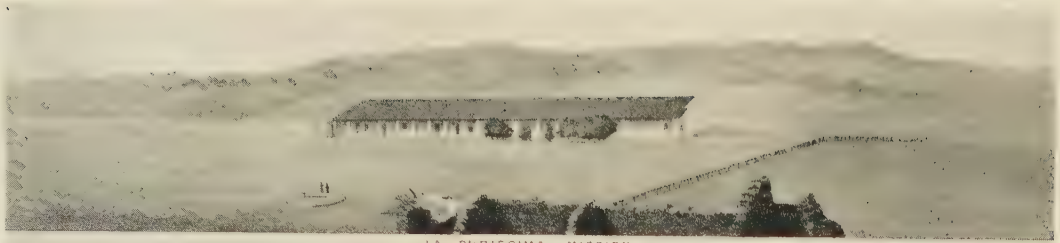
Undismayed, however, Padre Payéras set to work,

with his neophytes and guard, constructing huts of wood and straw, such as were in vogue among the gentiles on the channel. Recognizing the futility of building again on the old site, permission was obtained from Mexico to remove it. Within two years a temporary chapel had been erected, besides warehouses and corrals for their six thousand head of cattle. But it was not until 1817 that the church, among whose ruins we stand to-day, was reared and dedicated—a stone structure, pure and simple in conception, but without an attempt at the sublime that marked the earlier missions.

At this period La Purísima was at the zenith of her prosperity. A village of fifteen hundred converts had grown upon the river bank, and dwelt in contented simplicity.

Padre Mariano Payéras, the shepherd of this little flock, possessed with a zealous longing to instill into the minds of his children a more thorough knowledge of their newly adopted faith, prepared a catechism and a manual of confession in the native tongue—a unique production, indeed, and one which assisted largely in eradicating many idolatrous beliefs, resultant from the prehistoric worship of Chupu.

The daisied fields of La Purísima yielded support to the largest herds of cattle in the Californias during the decade preceding secularization; but within a few years annihilation had descended upon the



LA PURISSIMA MISSION

FOUNDED DEC 4 1787

NUESTRA SEÑORA de la SOLEDAD

FOUNDED OCT 9 1791

mission, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, the neophyte population having dwindled away to but one hundred and twenty souls.

When, in 1835, Domingo Carrillo came to the mission with his decree of secularization, Purísima, shorn of her beauties, was valued at but sixty thousand dollars, divided as follows: Eight thousand dollars for church property, five thousand dollars in buildings, two thousand dollars for implements and furniture, seventeen thousand dollars in lands, eleven thousand dollars in produce, and seventeen thousand dollars in livestock.

This is the tale of the beautiful Mission Purísima, the field where some of the noblest characters of our early history labored faithfully and well. The river flows on as of yore, when the sound of the Angelus rippled over its fair bosom. To what a drama that murmuring river was a witness!

CHAPTER XVII.

SANTA CRUZ.

SANTA CRUZ Mission was founded near the Rio San Lorenzo, on September 25, 1791, on a site selected by Padre Lasuen of Carmel.

On September 22d, Alfirez Sal and Corporal Peralta, with two *escoltas*, left San Francisco for the

proposed locality, being joined at Santa Clara by Padres Alonzo Salazar and Baldomero Lopez.

After an enjoyable march through forest and over meadow, they arrived at Santa Cruz on the 24th, where they found a hut had been erected for them by some neophytes from Santa Clara.

On the following day—Sunday—the sun rose from a murky sky, such as is seen only in soft September. Before the heat of the day was upon them the ceremonies began. The guns thundered, the bells rang, and the blessing of the water and the cross followed. Sugert, chief of the Indians in the neighborhood, had informed his people of the coming of the "chinchinabros," and had warned them not to fear the noise of their gunpowder.

The church was begun in February, 1791, and was formally dedicated on May 10, 1794,—Sugert and his tribe witnessing the ceremony. It was not of so pretentious a character as the chapel of Santa Clara, but was quite as commodious. It measured one hundred and twelve feet long, by thirty feet wide; the tule roof was vaulted, and at its apex measured thirty feet from the ground.

The façade of masonry gave the edifice an appearance of dignity; but the chapel of Santa Cruz was never remarkable for any distinguishing beauty or strength.

When, in 1856, the aged structure tottered and fell, diligent search was instituted for treasure that

was supposed to have been hidden in the corner-stone; but the seekers were doomed to disappointment—not even the stone itself was to be found.

Santa Cruz was fairly successful from the first, continuing on until 1800 at an even, healthy pace, making good and numerous Christians, raising good crops, and basking happily in the sunshine of prosperity, spiritual and temporal.

Secularization was effected in 1834–5 by Ignacio del Valle, comisionado. The properties taken possession of by him amounted to some forty-seven thousand dollars, exclusive of the church and its lands.

Here the Indians received a part of the spoils, ten thousand dollars being distributed among them. Whither it went we can but conjecture; for in 1839 Hartnell found the remaining remnant of the tribe—some seventy Indians—poverty-stricken and utterly miserable, with nothing to show of their subsidy. It seems to me quite rational that these simple people—never accustomed to think for themselves—fell easy prey to the sharp traders that infested the coast. However be it, the estate of Santa Cruz disappeared as mysteriously as if mother ocean had rolled in and lapped it up. No records remain to illumine this chapter of despoliation.

The French traveler, Laplace, tells us that in 1839 the mission was in a sorry state of ruin, filth,

and poverty, only her gardens maintaining a shadow of respectability.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LA SOLEDAD.

IN keeping with its nomenclature, the spot where this mission formerly stood is lonely and deserted. Few traces of it remain, either in ruins or records. From a letter written by Padre Lasuen, we learn that he himself selected the site of the dolorous mission, while on his way to Santa Cruz, early in 1791. The spot was known among the Indians as "Chuttusgelis," but to the Spaniards as "Soledad." The latter name was bestowed upon it by Portolá in 1769, during his famous expedition to Monterey. In September a corps of Christian Indians left San Carlos for Soledad, to prepare for the coming of Padre Lasuen. An *enramada* was constructed, a hut erected, and on October 9th he arrived with his vestments, chasubles, etc., and said mass under a tall redwood.

The district seemed well populated, for crowds of gentiles, male and female, gathered about and eagerly watched the ceremonies. Padre Lasuen tells us with great rejoicing, "that they showed they would gladly enlist under the sacred banner."

But whether such results as he fondly expected were obtained, we have but to conjecture. Of the mission of "Our Lady of Solitude" little else survives but the name, Soledad, as applied to a sleepy town near by.

The church, of which a few straggling walls survive, was an adobe structure with a roof of straw, completed somewhere about 1797.

In 1800 there clustered about this unpretentious chapel a community of four hundred and ninety-three converts,—a rather encouraging report as compared with the other establishments of greater natural advantages.

Of all the old mission ruins, this is, to my mind, one of the most romantic. The dolorous air that hung about it in the olden time has become like an aged ivy—heavier, more solemn, more impressive with its years. At night it becomes a vision.

This is a mission that should be perpetuated. Situated finely for cattle or sheep raising, would it not be an excellent training-school for the remnant of the race to which it was reared? Here could be gathered a hundred or more of the Indian children, now roaming about the State in a semi-civilized condition, and instructed in the industries of our time.

CHAPTER XIX.

SAN JOSÉ.

BY an edict from Mexico, there must be, ere long, a mission in California dedicated to St. Joseph, the spiritual spouse of the Blessed Mother. Accordingly, the one next established was placed beneath his especial guidance, and became known as San José.

On June 10, 1796, a detail of dust-covered soldiers, accompanying Padre Lasuen, halted at a spot known as "Oroysom," at the Alameda, there to plant the cross anew. On the following day, which most propitiously happened to be Trinity Sunday, the regular ceremonial occurred. The litanies sung, the water blessed, and the cross raised, Father Lasuen and his soldiers repaired to Mission Santa Clara, not far distant, to spend the day. By the end of the month, the necessary buildings were erected, and Isodoro Barcenilla and Augustin Merino became the shepherds of the fold.

Scarcely had the missionaries settled themselves in their new field of labor when rumors of a terrible Indian uprising reached their ears. The report proved false, however, but not until the padres and soldiers had been thoroughly alarmed. The rumor arose from the fact that an unusual number of arrows were being made by the surrounding tribes,

SAN JOSE.

and the inference was immediately drawn that they were doubtless made to exterminate the "Guacamal," whom the Sacalanes cordially disliked, but in truth they were simply preparing for a tribal hunt in the foothills, perfectly innocent of the alarm they were causing the Spaniards.

To convince us that the pathway of the padre was often fraught with dangers, however, we need but follow Padre Cueva, of San José, upon one of his ministering journeys to the dying.

Late in January, he was summoned to the death-bed of a neophyte, at a rancheria some twelve or fifteen miles distant. Mounting his horse, and accepting the escort of the majordomo, Ignacio Higuera, and two soldiers of the guard, he hastened off toward the foothills to administer the consolations of the faith. Arriving at the rancheria, instead of a repentant neophyte awaiting his ministrations, he was received by a rain of arrows from a band of renegades in ambush. His horse fell under him, the padre himself was severely wounded, and Higuera and the two soldiers, his devoted escort, were killed outright. Fleeing from the savages, the friar and a few neophytes sought refuge in a cave, where they remained in seclusion until nightfall. Under cover of darkness, they stole away, and finally reached the mission more dead than alive.

This is but one of the innumerable tragedies that

were ever being enacted; yet have we a single instance where vacancies caused by the savage arrow were not immediately filled?

The ancient chapel at San José was never pretentious—a simple wooden structure, with a roof of woven grasses. Some time after 1800, a more substantial structure supplanted the picturesque pre-pastoral church, which has survived the lapse of nearly a century. With its beautiful orchards and Alhambran gardens, the mission has been the theme of many a painter's brush.

CHAPTER XX.

SAN JUAN BAUTISTA.

THIS pretty little mission was established June 24, 1797, in a locality known among the natives as "Popeloutchom," but to the Spaniards as "San Benito." It was charmingly located, the soil being highly productive and the climate quite Andalusian.

Presidente Lasuen, assisted by Padres Martiarena and Catala, under a clump of spreading live-oaks, with which the country abounded, performed the service of dedication, raised the royal standard, and proclaimed San Juan Bautista one of the chain of

SAN JUAN BAUTISTA.

missions now established through California by the charity of Carlos III.

Prominent among the ministers who labored with the gentiles at San Juan was Padre Jacinto Lopez, a superior man, but of exceedingly eccentric habits.

During the decade following the establishment, Indian troubles continually harassed the poor padres, sleeping or waking. About twenty-five miles to the east of San Juan, there dwelt a warlike tribe of Indians known as the Ansayames. In 1798 they bore down upon the mission at midnight, bent upon destroying the property and slaughtering the people. By the prompt action of the Governor, taken almost at the moment of the onslaught, the raid was thwarted, and the savages went back to their fastnesses in the mountains. Again, in 1799, they resumed their hostile attitude, and made a raid upon the Moutsones, a tribe living in the rancherias of the mission, slaying five of their number. Other similar attacks followed until 1800, when the climax was attained by their slaughtering two more Moutsones and razing some houses and a large wheat-field to the ground, the mission being saved with much difficulty. Sergeant Moraga, with a guard of ten soldiers, marched into their midst and summarily took their chief a prisoner with a dozen braves. This practically diminished their desire for missionary gore.

In October of that year, terrific seismic disturb-

ances occurred throughout the region, great chasms appearing in many places, notably on the banks of the Pajaro. For many nights the affrighted Spaniards, including the padres, passed the time in the mission carts, fearful at every tremor of being engulfed in the yawning chasms. No serious damage occurred, however, except to the buildings, which were somewhat cracked and shaken out of plumb. The natives were not seriously alarmed, strange to relate, and told with evident gusto of great fissures opening in the rocks at such times, from which springs of salt water would emerge.

It was not until 1800 that a change was effected from a wooden church, closed in by a mud roof, to a stone structure, the remains of which are preserved to us of to-day.

CHAPTER XXI.

SAN MIGUEL.

UNDER the patronage of Saint Michael, "the most glorious prince of the heavenly militia," was the next outpost of the church established.

Located in a grove of hospitable oaks, at a spot known among the natives as "Vahiá" or "Vaticá," and to the Castilians as "Las Pozas," it grew up without ostentation or especial import-

SAN MIGUEL.

ance, yet doing good work in the Master's vineyard.

On July 25, 1797, Presidente Lasuen and Father Sitjar, with the presidial troops and numbers of savages as witnesses, blessed the water and the cross, chanted the litanies, read the mass, and offered up to God this new establishment, erected for the further glorification of His name and the redemption of His children.

On the day of the founding, fifteen children were offered the zealous Friar Sitjar for baptism, a fact that pitched his hopes aloft for the spiritual prosperity of San Miguel. At the dawning of the new century, there were gathered together four hundred Christianized Indians, tilling the soil, rearing cattle, and occupied in the various pursuits of civilized people. Where in the history of man was observed such a rapid transition from savagism to comparative civilization?

The records of San Miguel have little to relate in the way of adventure or of individual interest, lest it be the unique method of subduing the repellant attitude of Guchapa, chief of the rancherias in that region. Unsatisfied with the number of young braves who came to seek the new faith, Padre Martin ventured to the great Cholan rancheria, some fourteen leagues distant, to request of the frowning old chieftain that he send some of his young men to the mission to be Christianized.

Sternly repulsing the friar and his military escort, the chief exultingly replied that he feared nothing from the friars and still less from the soldiers, since none of them could repel death. "Afraid," said he, "afraid of men who are but men like ourselves? You die like the Indian, and therefore we are not afraid." Realizing the necessity of altering his conservative idea somewhat, Commander de la Guerra dispatched a sergeant and fourteen men to take the rebellious old chieftain prisoner. After an heroic resistance, he succumbed to the Spaniards, and was carried into the mission, where with wonderful alacrity he recanted, and offered his whole tribe to the padres, if they would but set him free, tendering his only son as a hostage.

San Miguel, never temporally prosperous, became miserably poor after 1820, about which time the quaint adobe structure that survives to-day was completed. The soil round about was not prolific, and the frosts were frequently disastrous; so that when the governmental call came in 1815 for supplies for the troops, San Miguel could contribute nothing but wool and wine—and these only in limited quantities.

Shaded from the heat of the summer sun by thick clumps of gigantic oaks, the mission must certainly have been a grateful inn to the travelers of the times. If the larders of the mission held naught but bread and wine, the weary pilgrim was

SAN FERNANDO REY.

ever welcome—his horse was taken from him, watered and fed, and if need be, he was given a fresh relay on his departure, from the fine stock of the mission.

On resuming his journey, refreshed and cheered, the padres would gather about him, and bid him God-speed, after extending a hospitality that could flourish only in a country of milk and honey, such as was this new-found Andalusia.

CHAPTER XXII.

SAN FERNANDO.

IN order to establish a complete chain of missions from San Diego north, one must of necessity have been placed between San Buenaventura and San Gabriel.

A fine rancho, known as Reyes', and called by the natives "Anchois Comihavit," met the approval of the friars as a suitable site; but Alcalde Francisco Reyes, the owner, apparently disagreed with them on the desirability of utilizing it for a mission. At any rate, we find the friars occupying the ranchero's residence until suitable mission buildings were erected.

On September 8, 1797, Presidente Lasuen, as-

sisted by Padre Dumetz and the customary array of soldiers and natives, performed the usual ceremonies, dedicating the mission to San Fernando, Rey de España, as according to instructions from the Viceroy of Mexico.

In 1806, an adobe church, with a tiled roof, supplanted the primitive structure of wood and grasses, and with much ceremony was dedicated to the great Fernando III., a king of Spain, who in 1671 was canonized by Clement X.

When the disastrous *temblor* of 1812 visited the southern missions, and wreaked such sad havoc among them, San Fernando suffered but slightly. The only repair necessary was the introduction of thirty new beams, to strengthen the shaken walls. Later a tiled corridor was constructed, which ran off to the right; a beautiful fountain and basin of masonry were built in the mission courtyard, and the huge trees of oak and alder growing beside it reflected their waving branches in its glistening water. Here it was that the friars of San Fernando were wont to say their rosaries in the cool summer twilight.

San Fernando was in a flourishing condition about 1820—her vineyards yielding large returns. In 1840, two thousand gallons each of wine and brandy were produced. In 1826, an inventory of her possessions was taken, showing, besides her immense flocks and herds, merchandise in her

THE PALMS OF SAN FERNANDO REY.

warehouse to the value of fifty thousand dollars, and ninety thousand dollars in specie.

With all her wealth and pride, however, her fate, like the rest, was sealed. In 1846, the mission was sold to Eulogio Celis, by order of Governor Pio Pico, for fourteen thousand dollars. In later years the title was confirmed—the once proud mission had gone under the hammer.

It was here that the remnants of the Californian forces signed the paper of capitulation to Fremont, thus closing the Mexican war.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SAN LUIS REY DE FRANCIA.

JUST north of the San Diego mission ruins stand the remains of the most beautiful mission of all —San Luis Rey de Francia, founded June 13, 1798, by Presidente Lasuen, assisted by Padres Santiago and Peyri. It is still in a splendid state of preservation, but each year stamps its work of destruction upon it.

The mission was established under the most auspicious circumstances, and prospered from the first. Padre Peyri was much beloved; and being possessed of wonderful administrative abilities and consuming zeal, he reared the grandest adobe

edifice that was ever dedicated to the glorification of God in Alta California, completing the structure in 1802.

Situated not far from a beautiful river, its lands were prodigally fertile, and yielded support to immense herds of cattle. The neophyte population of the mission increased proportionately, and a glorious career was prophesied for San Luis.

From this period the records of the mission are lost; comparatively little is known of its history other than that Padre Peyri continued in administration, maintaining the institution with the same dignity that stamped it from its birth. Up to 1826, he had gathered into the fold of Christ two thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine proselytes; the herds and flocks were doubling every ten years, and prosperity, spiritual and temporal, continued to shine on San Luis Rey. But a dark day was yet in store for the now venerable padre—the decree of secularization had gone forth.

After thirty-three years of faithful and efficient service, unwilling to witness a revolution of his life-work and an overthrow of his plans, he bade a tearful farewell to his children and his associates, beseeching them to follow in the ways of the cross, and commending them all to God. He found his way to Mexico, thence to Spain, and lastly to Rome, where he fell ill and died, a broken-hearted man, exiled from the land he loved so well.

SAN LUIS REY DE FRANCIA.

In 1833, Captain de la Portilla, in the name of the home government, came to San Luis Rey and formally converted the mission into a pueblo—the consummation of a plan that had driven Padre Peyri to foreign shores.

For over half a century the magnificent structure has stood mournfully awaiting its inevitable destruction. But behold! a friendly hand has at last been extended in its behalf; and ere long San Luis Rey de Francia will be restored to its pristine beauty,—a living monument to the noblest band of men that have graced the pages of modern history. It is to be restored as nearly as possible to its original appearance keeping well in mind the theory of the pre-pastoral style of church architecture.

May the eternal fitness of things stay the hand of him who would lay a shingled or a metallic roof over the ancient structure, as has been done at San Gabriel and at other missions. It is a crime—a crime that cries out in despair to the enthusiast on ruins. However, I doubt not that the clergy who have taken the matter in charge will place it before us as it stood when at the zenith of its glory.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SAN ANTONIO DE PALA.

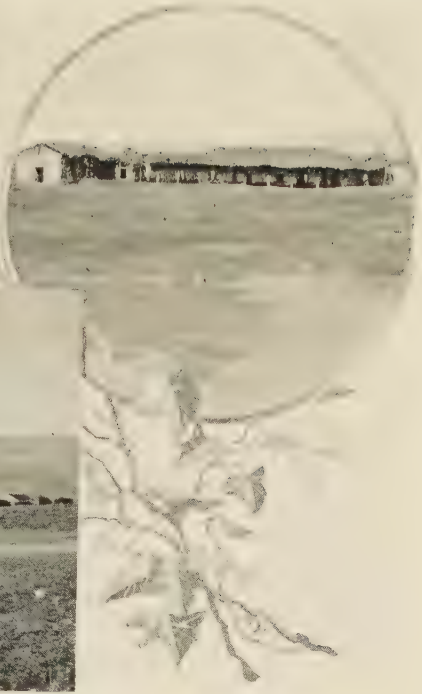
PALA is not, properly speaking, a mission. It was but a branch of San Luis Rey, founded in 1816 by the good Father Peyri, that he might be nearer the gentiles of the mountains. It consisted solely of a chapel and a few scattered corrals, the remains of which are in a splendid state of preservation.

The distinguishing feature of Pala is its belfry. It stands off to the left like a silent sentinel guarding the ruins beneath it. Suspended in it are the same bells that called the neophytes to prayer nearly a century ago. Nature, striving to adorn the beautiful relic, has planted a huge cactus on the extreme top, which, when in bloom, presents a charming picture.

To this day, these bells are rung to gather the Indians from the surrounding hills, just as of old to assist at the Sabbath service.

SANTA INÉZ.

SAN ANTONIO DE PALA.



LA SOLEDAD.

CHAPTER XXV.

SANTA INÉZ.

ON September 17, 1804, the mission of Santa Inéz was ushered into being, with the usual solemn ceremonial. Under the especial patronage of Saint Agnes, virgin and martyr, the mission was charmingly christened. Comandante Carrillo, with nine of the presidio guard at Santa Barbara and large numbers of neophytes from Purísima, assisted Padres José Calzada and José Gutierrez in the service of establishment.

The records of Santa Inéz, like many of the later missions, are shrouded in darkness—whether lost or destroyed it is not known; but enough remains to tell us of the birth of the new chapel, the quaint structure with which we are familiar; the old edifice having been sadly shaken by the shock of 1812, as indeed were most of the dwellings round about, a new structure was planned and begun.

On July 4, 1817 — Independence Day — the church was dedicated. This proved the turning tide of her fortunes. Soon afterward the population began to decline, but like her neighbor, La Purísima, her flocks and herds continued to multiply.

In 1824, during the revolt of the Indian malcontents, most of the buildings were razed to the

ground; already on its downward career, the mission structures were never rebuilt.

Santa Inéz, as it is to-day, appears almost prison like. Its grim visage is no longer softened by blooming orchards nor dazzling gardens; but it has a history, and we love it for its past.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SAN RAFAEL.

IT was not until 1817 that the Spaniards turned their attention toward the north—a strange circumstance in the face of the fact that it was the invasions of the north that first timulated the establishment of the missions in the country. The mortality had been frightful at San Francisco for some time; a panic was almost imminent, when Lieutenant Sola suggested to the disheartened padres to move their patients across the bay, that the balmy breezes of the inland might restore them.

Accordingly this was done—Sola's remedy had proved an effective one. Whether a hospital should be established over the bay, or a mission, was now a mooted question, the scarcity of missionaries making the latter doubtful.

The death of a convert, however, without spiritual consolation, decided the matter, and forthwith

Padre Luis Taboada became the *ministro residente*. On December 14, 1817, Father Luis, accompanied by three colleagues, dedicated the spot with the customary ceremonies, the locality having been known among the Indians as "Nanaguani." By the middle of the following year an adobe building was erected, which served the purpose of chapel and residence.

Under the ministrations of Father Juan Amoros, San Rafael was fairly prosperous; in 1828 it reached the pinnacle of its success, numbering one thousand one hundred and forty souls.

Comparatively little remains to-day of the old establishment—little else than a memory.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SAN FRANCISCO SOLANO.

ON Passion Sunday, April 4, 1824, the mission church of Solano was formally dedicated to the patron saint of the Indies. A rude wooden structure it was, but in it were baptized six hundred and sixty-five Indians before 1830. At the end of the year a fine adobe building was being constructed, and was just about to be roofed in, when terrific rains set in and washed away the newly-built walls. It was never completed. When

springtime came the squares about the mission were gorgeous with flowers; the vineyard had received much attention, and matters spiritual and temporal were progressing satisfactorily. Trees had been planted profusely, and altogether Saint Solano had every cause to be proud of his mission in California. Its success, however, was short-lived. In spite of the zeal of its founder, Padre Altimira, the mission died away—died, as it were, of inanition.

This, the last of the Californian missions, was the very feeblest of all—showing that the mission system under the existing conditions was worn out; the vitality had gone from it and collapse was its inevitable fate.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

RÉSUMÉ.

SUCH of the Indians as were deemed to be well-behaved and responsible were allotted lands and stock, but these gifts entailed labor; and when the horse-power of missionary influence was withdrawn, the lands went untilled and the stock uncared for. Back to the wild freedom of their forefathers they went—even worse for the advent of the white man into their dominion than if he had

never come. They had not lived long enough the life of civilization to become a part of it; and how in the nature of things the government expected them to travel on in the path in which they had but just learned to totter, I know not. However be it, they returned to their mountains and plains, with all the viciousness and taint acquired from the white man, and with but little of his superiority or attainments.

Sad, indeed, it is to relate that so many noble lives were sacrificed in an undertaking that fell so wide of the mark; and yet wonderful things had been achieved.

In a trifle over half a century thirty thousand Indians had been taught to till the soil and to utilize its products; to manufacture clothing and to wear it; to build houses and to live in them—in short, they were taught the arts of peace and the practices of polite people. Moreover, they were instructed in the mysteries of their being—in the beautiful truths of the immortality of the soul, and the happiness of a life to come.

That the task was Herculean, let us but remember the verdict of Humboldt and other explorers of the intellectual and moral caliber of the natives—lazy, dull, cowardly, covetous, and weak of will.

When, by secularization, the influence and restraint of the padres were removed, a mighty struggle ensued between fifty years of civilization

and centuries of barbarism, between exertion and indolence, between restraint and freedom, and it is not surprising that the weaker foe was vanquished.

However, the padres fulfilled a broader mission than that which they sought to accomplish in their religious zeal. They brought the seeds of civilization to our fair shore, and sowed them with care. Behold to-day the result—a higher, happier, loftier civilization than ours the sun has never shone upon.

It has ever been the custom of ancient and modern times to commemorate the resting-places of heroes. Now, I ask, why should not these sanctuaries—which are at the same time sepulchers—be rescued from destruction and preserved to the generations to come? There lies about them an air of ancient grandeur and sublimity that renders them charming, even to the most indifferent beholder; when their romantic, and even tragic, history is laid bare, how much more interesting do they become! Then let us hope that the memories of the forefathers of our State shall thus be perpetuated, and that their silent sepulchers will ere long rear their shafts heavenward with the pride and dignity that are rightfully theirs.

PRESSWORK ON THIS BOO
DONE IN SAN FRANCISCO A
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E. D. TAYLOR CO.

30226